

26th OCTOBER 1974

FAMED FOR ITS FICTION

WOMAN'S WEEKLY

DOLL'S BEDROOM SUITE

COMPLETE
INSTRUCTIONS
INSIDE

COOKING FOR ONE

MANY RECIPES

7P

Australia 30c
Malta 8c
North Africa 25c
Canada 50c
Malaysia 75c
Rhodesia 27c
New Zealand 30c

TWO SUPER OFFERS

Cut-out Dress from £3.50

Six Rose Bushes for £1.90



Feeling young is easy, looking it takes care.

You are as young as you feel. That's one of the happy discoveries of growing up. Like when you find that birthdays are only ordinary days. You're still the same person the day before and the day after your birthday. And you have every right to expect that you will stay the same for many years to come.

As long as you protect your skin from the wrinkle dryness of age. Protect it, and nourish it with the tropical moist oils in 'Oil of Ulay'.* It's easy to make 'Oil of Ulay' part of your beauty routine. Before you apply your make-up, use your fingertips to massage 'Oil of Ulay' beauty fluid into your neck and face. Pay extra attention to the tender tissues around the eyes

and mouth, where laugh lines tend to form.

The rich moistness of 'Oil of Ulay' penetrates to enrich 'starved' skin cells, without a trace of grease, forming a smooth, matt base for your make-up.

When you smooth 'Oil of Ulay' on your face, use a little extra on your hands, rubbing it in well under the nails and round cuticles to soften work-hardened skin.

Under make-up, and as a night and morning routine, 'Oil of Ulay' beauty fluid is the one thing you need to look as young as you feel.

Oil of ULAY

For further information about 'Oil of Ulay' write to Garsalle, Shire Hill, Saffron Walden, Essex.

* Oil of Ulay is a registered trade mark.



BY MADAME FRANCESCA

AQUARIUS 21st JANUARY to 19th FEBRUARY

Concern over an elderly person may lead to changes in your present plans. However, there will be compensations as future schemes are likely to turn out very much more satisfactorily than you thought.

PISCES 20th FEBRUARY to 20th MARCH

Business relationships are perhaps better than personal ones this week. Try to avoid upsetting anyone in the family circle, even if it means going out of your way to do so.

ARIES 21st MARCH to 20th APRIL

It looks like being an amusing and easy-going week. There is little chance of anything going wrong as there is such a happy atmosphere around you. Home duties and responsibilities take a back seat.

TAURUS 21st APRIL to 21st MAY

Once you have cleared the air of any misunderstandings, things should go reasonably well for you. In fact, it looks like being a busy and profitable week. If you can, aim at further improvements.

GEMINI 22nd MAY to 22nd JUNE

A particular situation should work out in your favour and you will derive a lot of satisfaction from its successful completion. Not everyone will be pleased about this, but you will be able to hold your own.

CANCER 23rd JUNE to 23rd JULY

A lot will depend on decisions taken this week. One change in your programme should make you very happy as this new arrangement will make things easier. The outcome of an interview could be very gratifying.

LEO 24th JULY to 23rd AUGUST

Getting people to support your ideas could be rather difficult though there may be one exception. Enlist their help, but be prepared to be patient and make only cautious moves for the time being.

VIRGO 24th AUGUST to 23rd SEPTEMBER

It could be quite a worrying time if you have to deal with family matters as well as extra home duties. A change of scene at the weekend may help sort out a domestic problem and bring about interesting events.

LIBRA 24th SEPTEMBER to 23rd OCTOBER

A visit could bring you a very useful contact and a friendship that is likely to favourably affect future issues. Try to settle a matter that has been in the discussion stage for some time.

SCORPIO 24th OCTOBER to 22nd NOVEMBER

You may have to cope with the results of any rash moves you have made previously. It will not help matters if you become irritable with those around you—it is better to accept the situation cheerfully.

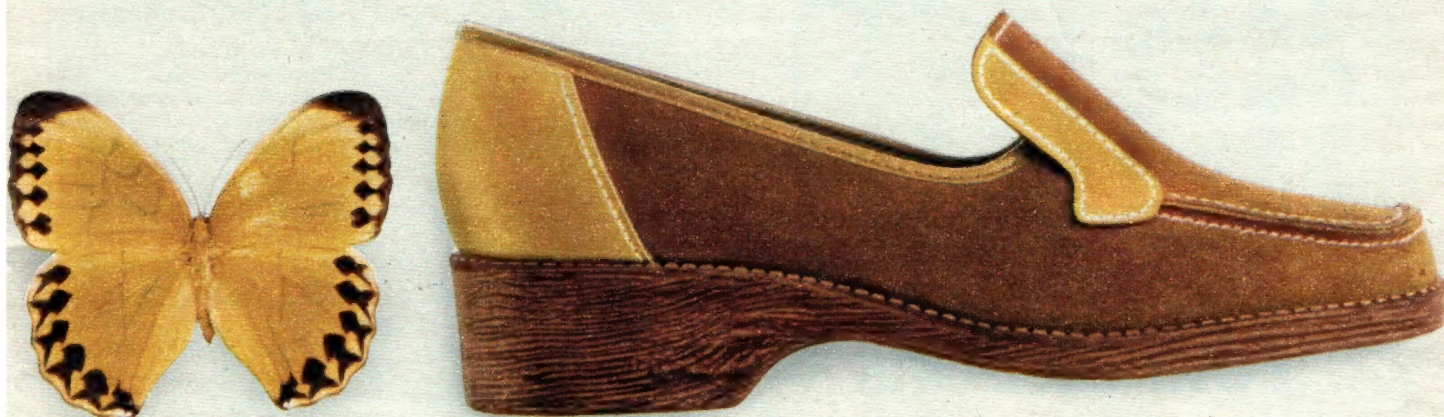
SAGITTARIUS 23rd NOVEMBER to 22nd DECEMBER

The important thing to bear in mind this week is to have confidence in your own ability. Do not dwell on any potential pitfalls but look to the obvious advantages offered by some prior proposition.

CAPRICORN 23rd DECEMBER to 20th JANUARY

Rewarding trends continue, but be wary of anyone who tries to make unfair requests or offers unsound proposals. This is not the time to throw caution to the wind. Pay special attention to your budget.

How to be light on your feet.



Shoes by Clarks.

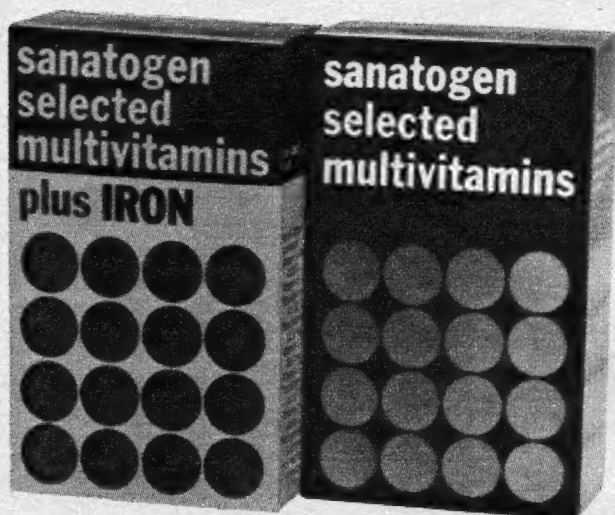
Put on Clippers. A range of styles specially designed to make light of walking.

In real suede and natural leathers. With long-lasting flexible soles. Strong. Light. And really comfortable. That's Clippers for you.

Top is Westerly, from £6.99. Next Sloop, from £8.50. Then Tempest, from £5.99 in suede and £6.50 in leather. Prices correct at time of going to press.

Clarks





Four reasons why you may need Sanatogen Multivitamins

1 Are you unsure of your diet?

Theoretically, your daily diet should include all the vitamins you need. But many people don't stick to a balanced diet – particularly if they snatch quick meals outside which may be overcooked or reheated. Regularly taking Sanatogen Multivitamins is one way to help ensure that you're getting the right amount of important vitamins and minerals.

2 Are you slimming?

If you're slimming, you may be leaving out important vitamins and minerals.

3 Do you skip meals?

People who lead busy lives often skip meals. If you miss meals, you may be missing essential vitamins as well.

4 Are you exerting yourself more than usual?

If you've taken up a new sport, or active hobby, you may require more of certain vitamins than before.

If you've answered yes to any of the above, you're a good candidate for Sanatogen Multivitamin tablets, or Multivitamins plus Iron. If you decide to try Sanatogen Multivitamins, follow the directions: one a day, all year round.

**Sanatogen Multivitamins.
One a day – for positive health.**

SIZE
WISE



If extra inches are your problem, read on—
Caroline Hunt writes
this column every
week especially
for you

CASH IN ON CHECKS—they are all the rage this season, and the Co-op have plenty to choose from. This coat is just one of a number of styles in a range that includes both checked and tweedy fabrics. All are very easy on the purse, as well as on the eye! This style has a neat pointed collar and high-buttoning neckline to keep out the cold. Buttoned yoke and interesting pockets are fashion details to note. It comes in assorted colours and fabrics and costs £17.99 for hip sizes 36 to 48 inches, and is available from most Co-op stores. In a season when all prices are rocketing it's nice to know that good value like this can still be found—we hope to bring you more news of bargain buys during the coming weeks.



**"New carpet, Mrs Shaw?"
"1001, Mr Singh."**

Who needs a new carpet when there's
1001 Dri-Foam?

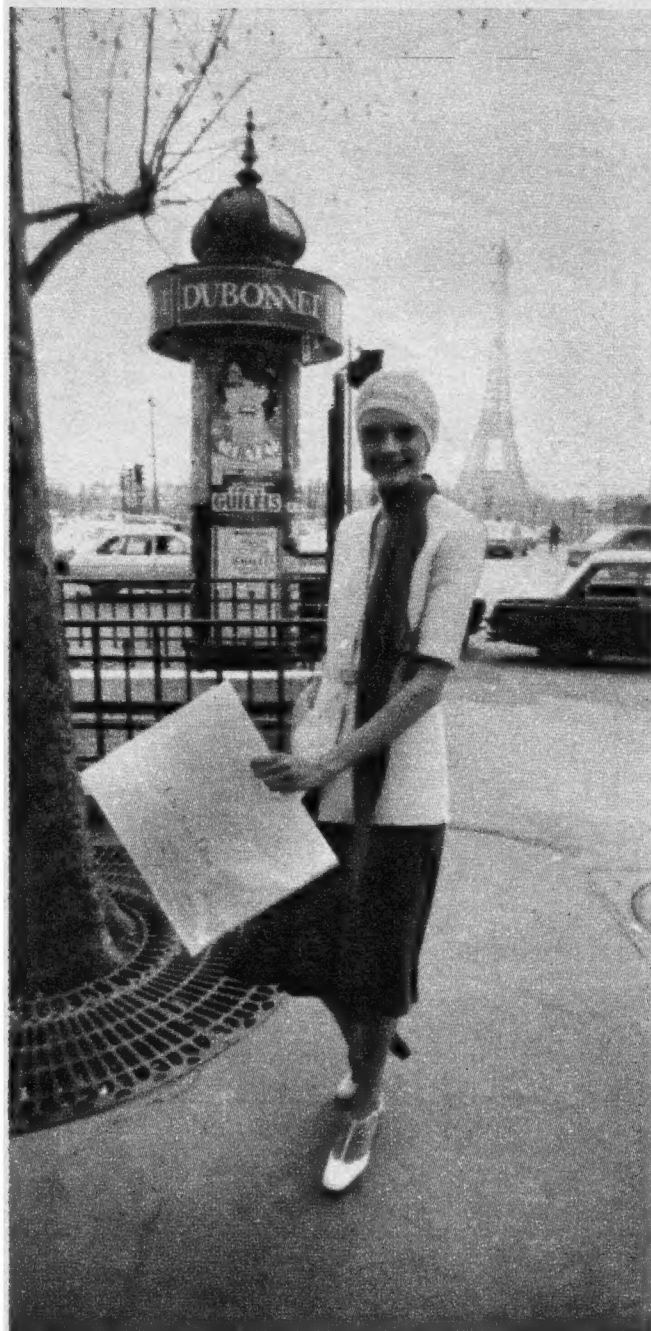
Just shampoo it on, let it dry and vacuum
it away – and there's your carpet all bright
and beautiful.



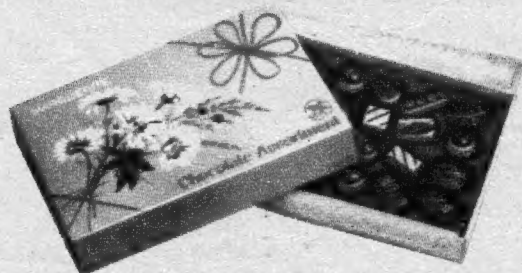
Brighter carpet, brighter home.



"I met the millionaire chocolate..."



...and decided to go shopping in town?"



Lindt The millionaire
chocolate assortments.

Product of Switzerland



Wild creatures have a natural appeal to most children, but are we doing enough to encourage our younger generation to take an interest in the conservation of our beautiful countryside with its rich heritage of plant and animal life? The British Wildlife Society—former President the late Gavin Maxwell, author-naturalist, and current President round-the-world sailor Sir Alec Rose—has formed a group called the Junior Explorers to encourage the youngsters' practical participation. Children who are interested can join one-day wildlife adventure expeditions organised in various parts of the British Isles. Young people can also enter for the Society's Wildlife Adventure Awards, by completing projects and writing essays and poems. Further details may be obtained by writing to Mr. John Lodge, Director-Leader, The British Wildlife Society, Great Ruffins, Wickham Bishops, Essex, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

READERS WRITE

Share with us those good ideas—those unforgettable experiences. For every original letter published we pay £2

GOOD START TO MARRIAGE

A short time ago a newly married Greek couple came to live next door to a friend of mine. The Greek bride asked if she would care to see her wedding photos and, intrigued, my friend asked what was on the bride's dress. It was explained that the Greek custom is for all the friends and relations to pin banknotes on to the dress to start the couple off in their married life. This girl had a thousand pounds on her dress! How about introducing such a custom in this country?

Miss N. Hughes, Liverpool.

POSTMAN'S SHOCK

While slimming recently, I decided to "Fight the Flab" with Terry Wogan. As he announced the morning's exercises, I looked around for somewhere to lie down where I couldn't be observed by passers-by.

Having decided on the hall, imagine my surprise when Terry said, "Not in the hall, madam: the postman may look through the letterbox."

I think I lost more flab laughing than I would have done by doing any number of exercises!

Mrs. C. A. Faulkner, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

PERFECT MATCH

An idea some readers might like to copy is this. When I make myself a cotton dress, if I have a little material left over, I use it to make a small apron. Quickly popped on over the dress when preparing a meal, it is scarcely detectable and makes one feel much less "utilitarian".

Mrs. Christine Shaw, Rickmansworth, Herts.



There are many ways to drink fresh coffee but only one way to make it.

Filter style, the method the Moulinex Coffee Maker uses, is the secret of capturing that perfect, rich flavour—the secret the French have known for a long time.

Any method which involves boiling the coffee destroys the subtle flavour and gives a bitter taste. In the Moulinex Coffee Maker water is filtered through the ground coffee just once and at the right temperature to extract the unique taste of the blend. The built-in hotplate keeps the coffee hot until you're ready to drink it.

No fuss, no mess—in minutes you have perfect coffee. So easy you can enjoy it anytime... in many ways.

Filter-style electric Coffee Makers from Moulinex—in two sizes 1pt & 2pt giving up to 9 and up to 18 cups.

Only £10.26 & £12.32

Recommended Retail Prices

Moulinex

Write for full details of the Moulinex range to:- Moulinex Ltd.,
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Above: The young Duchess receives a bouquet at the opening of a department store in Bracknell, Berkshire.
Left: The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arriving for a royal charity premiere in aid of handicapped children at a London cinema.

Royal horizons are widening fast for the new Duke of Gloucester and his charming Danish-born Duchess. Helen Cathcart writes of this hard-working couple in their new rôles

OUT OF TOWN

ROYAL DESTINY is often stranger and swifter than fiction. On the July day in 1972 when Prince Richard of Gloucester married pretty Birgitte van Deurs in his local village church, he romantically set aside every precedent surrounding a marriage so close to the Throne. The wedding was a love-match, and no one dreamed that within two years his bride would have become the new Duchess of Gloucester, and that Richard, at thirty, would inherit Barnwell Manor, the Gloucester's country home and share the house with his mother.

Everyone is full of praise for the way the young couple have faced the recent stress of tragic events, especially as the new Duchess of Gloucester is expecting her first baby later this year. As younger son Prince Richard had always felt free from the responsibilities of the dukedom and sufficiently outside the line of royal duty to follow his own career as an architect. Then the death of his elder brother, Prince William, in an air race changed everything.

Overnight Richard was first and closest in precedence of all the Queen's cousins. The charming Birgitte had modestly elected to be known only as Princess Richard of Gloucester. Yet they had been married only three months when called on to assist the Queen during the State Visit to Windsor of the President of West Germany, taking precedence next to Princess Anne at the reception and other ceremonies.

Step by step Richard schooled himself in all his brother's former royal duties, as well as helping his mother in all the many engagements she undertook partly as deputy for his invalid father. Day by day the *Court Circular* noted that Prince and Princess Richard had opened an exhibition, welcomed a trade mission, inaugurated a college extension—all the minor royal tasks that, nevertheless, have to be done well.

The shy and unassuming Birgitte was her husband's royal pupil. Within a few months she took up royal tasks of her own, visiting a South London charity settlement, opening a new school in the suburbs, presenting medals to Moorfields nurses . . . one step at a time.

NURSING CONNECTIONS

Today the new Duke and Duchess of Gloucester believe that all this extra voluntary work was vital training. The young Duchess has even taken courses in first aid and initial nursing with the St. John Ambulance Brigade to qualify her as a part-time staff officer in the organisation with which the Gloucesters have so long been linked.

Then she gained practical nursing experience at the Great Ormond Street children's hospital, working on the wards, and the Queen realised she had a conscientious royal recruit in the family. When President Echeverria of Mexico made his State Visit to Windsor, he was so impressed by the young Gloucesters that he invited

them to make a royal tour of Mexico five months later. The sequel has been an obvious boom in British-Mexican trade figures.

Like other royal couples—the Ogilvys and Snowdons—Richard and Birgitte are acquiring the knack of leading three or four lives in one. They felt sad at the prospect of giving up their first married home—Richard's former bachelor flat overlooking a canal in Camden Town—in order to be closer to royal events at Kensington Palace. Yet Richard regards himself as an architect first, and around Camden Town and Rotherhithe families are living in once tumbledown old houses—and even a warehouse—that he has ingeniously transformed into modern homes.

As a farmer at Barnwell, his second career, he has inherited the tremendous responsibility of 2,500 acres, representing the livelihood of scores of local village folk, and he hopes to battle through all the difficult problems of death duties and taxes to hold the estate together.

An ancestral home for 400 years on his

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WOMAN'S WEEKLY

40 LONG ACRE, LONDON, WC2E 9QB

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Baby Rebecca Smith had special treatment from a royal nurse when she was at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children.



A round of royal engagements—above: at a furniture exhibition at the Design Centre; below: opening a Hardware Trades Fair and talking to a young resident of a new housing scheme in North London.



mother's side, there's the romantic fact that his Buccleuch grandfather disposed of Barnwell Manor some sixty years ago—and then a legacy from his other grandfather, King George V, enabled his father to buy it back into the family again, soon after his parents were married.

Richard's third and new rôle as a royal Duke also really began when he was four months old and was carried aboard the steamship *Rimutaka* to voyage to Australia, where his father had been appointed Governor-General. There was an alarm of U-boats lurking to attack when three days out, but Richard slept through the thudding depth-charges that drove off the enemy.

Now eighth in succession in line to the throne, it will increasingly fall to the new Duke to act as a Counsellor of State—a deputy—for the Queen during her absence overseas. This was a task he first enacted when still a student at Cambridge. When his uncle, the Duke of Windsor, abdicated the Throne, some constitutional experts argued that the Crown should descend in

future through the male line only. If that had happened, Richard would today be King of England.

FAMILY MAN

Instead, there is his fourth and innermost life as a family man—the younger son who is such a solace and strength to his widowed mother, the husband who so eagerly looks forward to children in the Barnwell nursery. His elder son would rightly bear the title of Earl of Ulster, though the style has never been used. The family name of his children, on the other hand, will be Windsor, just as the Queen decreed a few years back.

As an architect, the new Duke of Gloucester still simply uses the name "Richard Gloucester" on his visiting cards. As an author, he has also used that name for one or two books about London that still have a waiting-list at most public libraries. But there's an older name, too, perhaps due for revival—and we certainly wish a happy future to this new-style Richard the Lionheart.



CLARRIE'S route map to the cottage was extravagantly colourful but completely inaccurate. Katharine parked carefully away from the crossroads while she studied the scrappy letter adorned with flamboyant red and green lines. The main piece of information appeared to be a scribble at the bottom of the page—"Go to the Daffodils Tree".

Katharine sighed. Settling down in a rural cottage to paint and sculpt had not changed Clarrie one bit. It was still something of a mystery to Katharine how she and Clarrie remained friends. Someone had once suggested that perhaps it was because they were like the balances of a scale. Katharine provided the commonsense and Clarrie the colour. Whatever it was, the friendship had survived several years but now, for the first time, it rather seemed that Clarrie and Katharine had swapped places.

Shaken to the point of despair at the sudden end of her year-long relationship with James Mount, Katharine had automatically turned to Clarrie for help. Clarrie had reacted with uncharacteristic commonsense and her usual warmth when Katharine told her of the break.

"Come to the cottage," Clarrie had insisted on the telephone. "No one to bother you, no one to see you; you can laugh, mope, cry or even sing if you want."

"I'll probably do all those things—perhaps in a different order," replied Katharine, but somehow oddly comforted that she was not going to be cosseted, or even converted into thinking that James had been wrong for her all along. Clarrie had obviously realised that Katharine would have to get over this in her own way.

That, thought Katharine, probably was the true essence of understanding in a friend, but . . . "Go to the Daffodils Tree" . . . That, she could not fathom. True, she had a fair idea of how the vivid mind of Clarrie worked. The Daffodils Tree would either be shaped (in Clarrie's mind) like daffodils, or perhaps it was an ordinary tree with some bulbs planted underneath—not to be seen at this time of year, of course. Unfortunately its significance hadn't been transmitted to Katharine, and she couldn't see any tree at all.

"Excuse me," she called, winding down her window as two schoolgirls walked by. "Can you direct me to Friar's Cottage?"

The girls gave Katharine precise and polite directions.

Clarrie was evidently carrying out her threat of not being a pest to Katharine. Friar's Cottage was deserted. There was, Katharine noted with sinking heart, another note. It was typical—enigmatic and slightly alarming.

"Sorry—had to dash off for last-minute show, but know you can cope. If boiler plays up ring R. Feed Tiger."

A somewhat timid inspection of the house and surroundings drew a blank as far as Tiger was concerned. Katharine returned to the kitchen, and her attention was immediately arrested by the old dresser. It was of stripped pine, and had been gaily adorned with some of Clarrie's more daring attempts at pottery, but it was the dresser itself that gave warmth and comfort to the kitchen. Katharine ran her fingertips along

A SENSITIVE STORY BY SHEILA LEWIS

"Come to the cottage,"
her friend insisted,
"No one to bother
you or see you—you can
laugh, cry, even sing
if you want."
Perhaps she would,
she thought . . . but
in a different order

THE DAFFODILS TREE

the surface. It was a pleasant, homely feeling. Then she noticed the fridge, and, peering inside, found a dish of flaked fish, neatly covered. That solved Tiger's evening meal, and there was a delicious salad which tempted even Katharine's unwilling appetite. She made some coffee.

BY NOW the early evening mist was sending exploratory fingers between hills and trees, and Katharine began to feel a little cold and lonely and bereft on the outside, as well as the inside. An indigo sky blanketed the windows. Conscience-stricken, remembering Tiger, she rushed around opening doors and calling his name into the hushed night. There was no response.

The boiler didn't play up. It just refused to do anything. Katharine realised she'd have to contact "R". She wasn't in the mood for company. Pushing her long fair hair over her shoulder as she reached the telephone table, she found an address book which proved to be typical of Clarrie. No names, few addresses, just initials and numbers. There were a few numbers on the "R" page, but no identities. The top number was written in lipstick so large it augured well. Katharine dialled it.

"Mr. Foster's residence," said a woman's firm voice.

Katharine swallowed; had she the right number? Hastily she explained about the

boiler's non-performance. Yes, the speaker promised to tell Mr. Foster.

Some ten minutes later, when she was finishing tidying the kitchen, there was a brisk knock at the back door. A quick service plumber, decided Katharine, opening the door with a smile.

On the step stood a cheerful-looking young man of medium height. Peering out, she couldn't discern boiler suit or bag of tools. Instead, he wore faded jeans, a rather tired sweater and he carried a ball of something under one arm. His skin was lightly tanned, emphasising the sailor's blue of his eyes, and his hair was just the right length.

He was grinning at Katharine, his eyes lively and appraising.

"It just said 'R' . . ." she began, waving her arm in the direction of the telephone.

"'R' for Rob it is, and it's nice to meet you, Katharine." The hazy brogue was difficult to pinpoint to any definite location.

"You know me?" Katharine smiled, perplexed. "That helps a lot. It's the boiler . . ."

"Oh, that thing." Rob deposited his bundle on the kitchen floor, where it developed four legs and a tail and proved to have a striped furry coat.

"That's Tiger?"

"Found him roaming again. Told Clarrie she should have called him Rover, but she was worried in case he'd get a complex or something."

Katharine smiled as Rob helped him-

self to some nuts from a bowl. She took Tiger's meal out of the fridge.

"I don't suppose I'd mind the cold, it's just that I thought about having a bath," she said. "The boiler," she added.

"Oh, yes, Calamity Jane."

"It's not that bad, surely." Katharine had a sinking feeling.

"Just a term of affection," Rob had the front off the boiler and was peering at its capricious interior. "I think."

THREE cups of coffee and an intriguing conversation later, he still wouldn't admit defeat.

"Short of kicking it, there's nothing else to do," Katharine pointed out.

"I tried that when your back was turned," he replied gloomily.

"And you a plumber?" Katharine said in surprise.

"A what?"

There was a peremptory knock on the door. Mystified, Katharine opened it.

"Rufus Foster." The voice was of a rich timbre and the owner had to stoop to enter the kitchen. "You must be Katharine Davis, Clarrie's friend?"

Almost hypnotically, Katharine shook hands. Rufus Foster adjusted his cuffs under the sleeves of his immaculate Harris Tweed jacket. His Bedford cord trousers were new and spotless. There was an air of urbanity, assurance and competence about this man. Like James, in a way.

"My housekeeper informed me that the boiler was being difficult again." He noticed Rob. "I don't expect you've managed to fix it, Rob?"

"Not yet," replied Rob airily.

"Is there no plumber in this village?" Katharine asked falteringly.

"No, we help out when we can," Rob said quietly.

Continued overleaf



THE DAFFODILS TREE

Continued

Katharine had a sudden feeling that she had not handled things very well.

"Friends of Clarrie's always rally round to help, however ineffectually," said Rob. "My job is to bring home Tiger."

Friends or rivals, wondered Katharine silently. Had she made a bloomer? Did these two never meet on common ground?

Rufus had removed his well-cut jacket and got down to look at the boiler. He soon had it going, and his cuffs weren't even smudged.

"Bravo," said Rob, without malice, leaning against the dresser. "It certainly had me foxed."

"I took it apart once," said Rufus. "I know most of its pet hates by now. You've finished the dresser I see," he added, changing the subject.

"Mm," Rob stood up and ran a loving finger across the surface of the dresser, just as Katharine had done. He caught her wondering eye. "This is my line," he explained.

Katharine nodded apologetically. He seemed to have forgiven her silly mistake. She rustled up some more salad, found bread and enough food for supper.

Rufus, it turned out, was a civil engineer, engaged in a large project in a neighbouring town. He lived in a spacious flat in a Victorian house, and was well looked after by a housekeeper, who had spoken to Katharine on the telephone. He was practical, sensible and methodical.

Rob Tremayne, on the other hand, was amusing and unconventional. Unaffectedly, he moved round the cottage, showing Katharine some of the pieces he'd made for Clarrie.

"This was made to stand here—to catch the sunset. The red and gold pick up the patina of the wood . . . I picked this up at a sale and restored it for her because I thought it suited her personality . . ."

At last they went, leaving Katharine confused. As she climbed into bed, she realised that she hadn't once thought about James since the boiler broke down. Instead, she was worrying about Clarrie's problem. Was it really a show that had taken her away, or did she want to decide between Rufus and Rob? Both were obviously devoted to her. Rob was so right for Clarrie—her same vision, the same love of colour, of line . . . And Rufus? The very opposite, but did he represent security to Clarrie? Not that she had ever been known to worry about that!

The following morning, Rufus rang to ask Katharine out to dinner that evening.

"I don't feel in the least traitorous towards Clarrie," she told Tiger, feeding him companionably. "Rufus—and Rob, for that matter—are both quite safe in my company. After all, I could hardly steal her friends when enjoying her hospitality and, anyway, I'm suffering from a broken heart, or lost confidence, or promise breached."

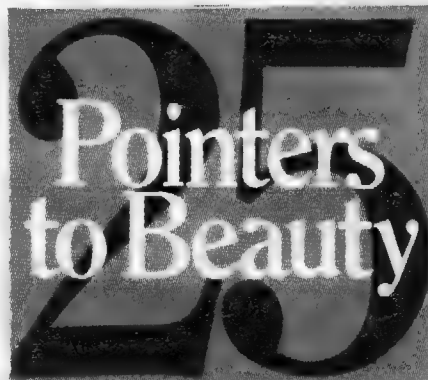
DINNER with Rufus was just like dinner with James. So much so that she had to be careful about the names. But it restored her self-confidence. The glow from the amber coachlamps of the inn were complementary to the stray golden strands in her hair. She'd achieved an elegant swathed chignon which was nicely in proportion with the stiff lace neck-band of her dress.

Continued on page 71

1 Start with your skin. Make sure it's always scrupulously clean, for a really clean skin always looks more radiant, even beneath make-up. Use a cleansing milk or lotion each morning and evening. Try one from the Vichy range—they have cleansers for every type of skin—or Christy's Deep Cleansing Lotion, or one of the Boots No. 7 cleansers. For problem skins, there's Innoxa's Skin Shampoo 41.

2 Take more exercise. Not sudden, strenuous exercise, which can do more harm than good. Join your local keep-fit class, go for long walks or just dance.

3 Try a fingertip massage for your scalp the evening before you're due for a shampoo. Bending forward, work from the nape of your neck with the fingertips of both hands, covering every centimetre of the scalp right down to the hairline on the forehead, loosening the scalp as you go, so that the circulation is pepped-up and the sebaceous glands work more freely. Follow with a vigorous brushing.



4 Use a pinky-red lipstick to make your teeth appear whiter.

5 For making beautiful eyes, use an eye shadow and eye liner in toning shades, the deeper colour nearest the lashes. If you're not very handy with an eye liner brush, you'll find Rimmel's Eye Liner Pencils easy to use.

6 Keep lashes lustrous with a twice-weekly application of castor-oil from lash roots to tips. Use the tiniest amount on a fingertip.

7 Use a swansdown puff for applying loose powder. The initial outlay is well repaid by the months of wear you'll get out of it. And no other puff achieves quite the same effect.

8 Switch your shampoo every four or five weeks. A change is good for your hair and when you return to your favourite you'll find it works even better.

9 Always do your morning make-up in the most revealing light—north is best—near a window. Use a magnifying mirror for the best effect.

10 Use a protein setting-lotion for a longer-lasting hairdo. The Corimist range of hair preparations includes one and there's also Living Hair Protei-Set. It's essential to make sure that your hair is absolutely dry before combing out, to ensure a longer-lasting set.

All too often it's the little things which hinder us from achieving our beauty aims. Rebecca Scott has compiled a compendium of sound advice which she passes on to you in the form of 25 ways to be more beautiful



15p Eye Shadow Stick
11 SHADES



39p Jumbo Eye Pencil
FIVE SHADES



30p Brush-on Lid Lustre
FOUR SHADES



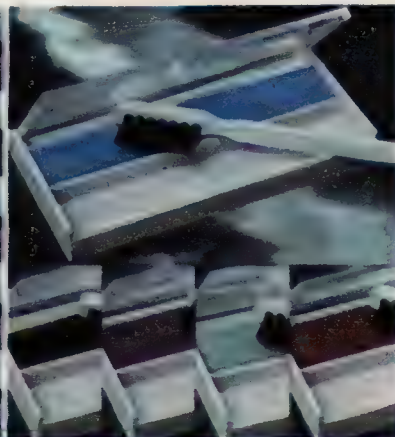
41p Eyelash Flatterer
Fluid Mascara FOUR SHADES



26p Roll-on Lash Thickener
Mascara FIVE SHADES



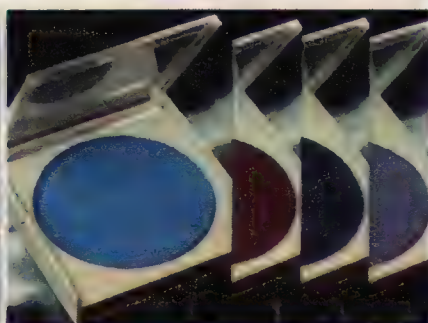
33p Brush-on Lash Thickener
Mascara SIX SHADES



16p Block Mascara
FIVE SHADES



20p Liquid Eye Liner
FIVE SHADES



20p Eye Liner
Brush



15p Cake Eye Liner
FOUR SHADES



20p Eye Liner Pencil
SIX SHADES



17p Double Eye Pencil
Sharpener



26p Individual Eye Crayon
SIX SHADES



90p Eye Crayon Collection
SEVEN SHADES



15p Eyebrow Pencil
FOUR SHADES



25p Eye Shadow Brush

37p Eye Duo Brush

21p Eye Shadow Applicator

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Colour printing can give only an indication of true colour. For the actual colour, see the preparations themselves on the Rimmel stand at your chemist's, and on beauty counters in leading department stores.

HOW THE STORY BEGAN

One way and another, that inaugural flight of the new Ossini-Phoenix Airways holiday deal started badly. I was Number Two stewardess on the trip, which would take our passengers to Sicily, the plane and crew then remaining to ferry them around to Mediterranean beauty spots. It was also my first flight with the notoriously efficient CAPTAIN MARK CREIGTON, and I was late and missed the airport bus. I was grateful indeed to the attractive, helpful driver of a white Rover who gave me a lift. So friendly was he that I found myself confessing my misgivings about this trip with the ogre-like Captain Creighton. Only later did I discover that my knight errant and Captain Creighton were one and the same!

At the airport, the passengers came aboard, and one I labelled Seat 25, a dark, bearded, raffish-looking character, endeavoured to monopolise my attention. He told me he'd been born in San Fedora, had left it in poverty, and was now returning in some triumph, obviously a wealthy man. KIM, the Number One stewardess, whose on-off engagement to ERIC DUDLEY, our Ground Control Officer, was off, permanently, she said, advised me not to get involved. In San Fedora, we were greeted by the delightful, handsome COUNT LEON OSSINI, a fairy-tale Prince Charming indeed. There was no sign of his sister GHISLAINE, reported to be romantically interested

in our own Mark Creighton, though her brother wanted to arrange her marriage to a wealthy older man. The rumour that local gangsters wanted the Ossini-Phoenix venture to founder seemed far-fetched, though before leaving London, I'd received a phone call from a foreign sounding voice with a message for the Count: "The rule of three. Two are gone, how stands the tree?" Leon's reaction to this was blazing anger, after which he kissed me passionately. Unhappily for me, this scene was witnessed by Captain Creighton, who soon made it clear that this was not the behaviour he expected from his crew. Leon was abject in his regret for causing trouble for me. And he asked for my help. Ghislaine's life, he said, was in imminent danger—and one of her enemies was the man in seat 25! I agreed to stay with her as much as possible, and his suspicions seemed well-founded when we were apparently shot at one day as we walked to the beach. Ghislaine dismissed the incident as an accident, but it preyed on my mind, and one stormy night I woke convinced I had heard her cry out. Her room was empty, and I flew, in panic, to rouse Leon, only to find Mark Creighton in his room, too. They obviously thought my story a figment of my imagination, and, sure enough, when we returned to Ghislaine's room, there was the young countess, peacefully asleep!

The story now continues

CONTINUING BETTY BEATY'S COLOURFUL STORY OF THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO FLY US ABOUT THE WORLD

The Swallows of San Fedora

The Fountain was said to hold the secret of the future—or perhaps it simply reminded lovers of the sweetness they sometimes took for granted. Either way, I longed to test its magic—but not under the jaundiced gaze of my Captain!

THE COUNT walked out on to the terrace for breakfast the next morning with a lighter step and a broader, more enchanting smile. "Sunshine after the storm." He spread his hands and beamed on his guests, and drew in the unbelievably sweet smell of the garden after last night's drenching rain.

I felt he did not altogether refer to the garden or last night's storm alone. Something had happened at Palermo. Life was good, every muscle of his lithe body proclaimed. He was dressed in cream linen trousers with a silk, chocolate-coloured shirt. His dark eyes sparkled.

I wondered if poor Ghislaine had given in and agreed to marry the rich old man. But I didn't think so.

"Yes, indeed," the Count replied in answer to Mrs. Parker's question. His trip to Palermo had gone *exceedingly* well. It had taken longer than he had expected, but it had been a thousand times more rewarding than expected.

And now he felt he owed himself a little relaxation, so both he and his dear little sister would accompany us to Syracuse, the stone quarry gardens and the grotto of Arethusa.

It was the first time I'd heard the Count call his sister anything but wicked. The endearment worried me. The Ossinis were tricky enough alone, together they would be formidable indeed.

Then Ghislaine descended for breakfast, clad in a sleeveless trouser suit of virginal white. Simplicity itself, but shrieking

'Paris'. She slipped an affectionate hand through her brother's arm. My apprehension deepened.

Kim buttered a fragment of freshly baked *croissant* and smiled. "A little swallow whispers to me that someone has at last got her own way."

"Ghislaine?"

"Who else." She took a sip of coffee. "What say you?" she asked of Simon and me.

"Wedding bells?" Our First Officer pared the skin off a lump of pineapple. "Could be." He hummed the wedding march. "An Easter bride perhaps."

Kim shook her head. "She would first have to visit the U.K."

"Why?"

"For the official introduction to his family. I heard a whisper..."

"Another swallow, I suppose," I said caustically.

"Same one actually."

"Didn't you know—" Simon Strutt eyed me with sympathetic kindness — "that there's always a hot line between Phoenix Skippers and Number One Stewardesses?"

Kim neither denied it nor confirmed. "The buzz is that she's coming back with us."

"I said you girls were underworked coming out! There's that vacant seat by your friend, Seat 25, Emma."

"I just don't believe it," I said, far too vehemently.

"Then take a load of that." Simon jerked his head and eyed me sadly. The Countess had now left her brother's side and flitted like a beautiful white butterfly to where, appropriately, Captain Creighton was sipping coffee with Mr. and Mrs. Nayland, the honeymooners. Before Captain Creighton had time to rise to his feet, Ghislaine had flung her arms round his neck and kissed him with childish abandon.

Even I found the scene oddly touching. So did everyone else. Even that demon himself, Seat 25, smiled with assured indulgence at the idyll.

"Another good guy bites the dust," Simon Strutt said. "Ah, well. Em, you'll just have to make do with me!"

"I'll allow Ghislaine this," Kim sighed. "She really seems to love him. I'd never do that to Eric Dudley in public."

We discussed, in suitably lowered tones, all that we had heard of this Mark Creighton-Ghislaine love affair. How,



ILLUSTRATED BY WILL DAVIES

apparently, they'd fallen for each other the first trip Captain Creighton flew out here for Phoenix, when he arranged this mutually beneficial tour six months ago.

"According to the grapevine," Simon said, "she used to phone him every week from here. Without fail. And that must have cost a bomb."

I had further, better proof of her devotion to Mark Creighton later that day. Our outing to Syracuse began immediately after breakfast. A hundred per cent passenger turnout, plus the two Ossinis. We'd been able to book the modern motor coach again, so we went almost *en famille*. The Count, having boarded, walked down the aisle to make quips and jokes with each and every

Continued overleaf

THE SWALLOWS OF SAN FEDORA

Continued

one of our passengers, setting the undoubted seal of success on the holiday.

Naturally Mark Creighton sat next to Ghislaine, and I had the Count next to me.

He lost no time in repairing his slightly fractured image in my eyes. "Forgive me, Emma, if I caused you embarrassment last night. Ghislaine has promised me that she never left her room. You had a bad dream, and imagined you found her room empty. The storm. There is nothing like a Mediterranean storm. You have read *The Odyssey*, yes?"

"No."

He then launched into a long account of its perfect descriptions, especially of storms. "Ah, no wonder in their terrible light men saw monsters, cyclops, sirens. And women saw men on staircases." He laughed at his own inept joke.

I said nothing for a while. Mark and Ghislaine were seated on the opposite side of the coach near the front. I couldn't hear their conversation but I saw, as if photographed on some sensitised tissue in my brain, every adoring gesture, every flicker of wicked eyelashes she made towards him.

"So I take it you're no longer worried about Ghislaine's safety?"

"Less worried, dear Emma; less. Since my visit to Palermo I am satisfied—" he chose his words carefully—"that her future is more secure."

"You won't make her marry that rich old man?"

"How could I be so cruel?"

I had nothing to say, and stared out. The coach had descended the steep hillside and now we sped along the fertile coastal strip. Figs and lemons, oranges and almonds grew everywhere. But everywhere, too, amongst the green glossy leaves and the heavily scented flowers, peeped innocent looking scatters of rock. The walls of the fields, the animal shelters and cottages, here, were made of that same black, volcanic rock.

Plenty allied to menace. No wonder the inhabitants were as changeable as their fortunes.

"Always I shall, of course, worry about my innocent little sister." He gave Mark Creighton an unfairly supercilious glance. "No man, I feel, can look after her like myself. And England is a somewhat uncivilised country. But—" he spread his hands—"one only has to look at her face to know she is in love."

"I thought—" I began to say, and then gave up. Arguing with an Ossini was like trying to escape from a spider's web made of unbreakable nylon. But Leon took up my unfinished sentence. "You thought I did not believe in such a state of being." He touched my hand. "Let me say this." He lifted my hand to his lips. "You have taught me."

I wasn't listening. I was looking straight ahead of me. Like all these big buses, there was a big convex mirror for the driver to see the whole of the bus behind him. I was suddenly aware that Captain Creighton was watching the reflection of Ossini and me. Unfairly, in repose, his face wore an expression of aloof disdain.

ONCE AT THE stone quarry gardens of del Paradiso, but not till then, the Count relinquished my hand, and became at least briefly the charming host to everyone again. He was a mine of historical and botanical information, but care-

ful, even in his new found ebullience, not to trespass on our friend the archaeologist's unofficial domain. Count Ossini named the trees, the myrtle, the ilex and the brush palm. He pulled blooms of oleander and sprigs of maidenhair fern and jessamine to present to the ladies. He found bee orchids for Mrs. Parker, and held back the rope-like stems of hibiscus which drape the entrance to that eeriest of all caves, known for over two thousand years as The Ear of Dionysius.

The Ear is briefly a high fissure in the face of the stone quarry side. Its fearfulness is manifold, and it lies partly in the dank smell, the atmosphere, as if the terror it shrouded two thousand years ago could never be expunged, and partly in its contrast to the brilliantly-coloured sunny gardens outside. The visitor wends his way, relaxed through the scented gardens. Then, at the swish of a curtain of purple hibiscus, he steps into the grim past.

For inside this narrow cave, in 400 B.C., the Syracusans packed thousands of political prisoners. And a prison that cave remained for fifteen hundred years after that.

"Here," the Count said, "we have a listening device that makes today's electronics archaic." He pointed out the curious roof which twists in upward convolutions rather like an ear, till it disappears at an invisible point to some unknown nerve centre. "A whisper in this cave could be heard, magnified a hundred times, in the throne room of the tyrant, Dionysius."

"And where is that?" Mrs. Parker asked him.

"Alas, dear lady, none know for sure. Somewhere among the ruins at the top of the quarry."

Then, his duty done, the Count whispered to me, "Come, Emma! You don't want to hang around in this awful cave. It smells of sadness, does it not? I shall show you something much more interesting. There is a Roman *piscina* we can see if we climb these steps."

No, he did not think it a good idea if we waited for the archaeologist and his wife—nor for anyone. He wanted me on my own for a little while. Soon we would be, like the swallows, literally winging our way to our cold country. He would like briefly to show me some of the delights of his.

He held my hand lightly as we climbed a wide flight of steps which led to the lip of the quarries. Here, instead of the lush vegetation of the quarry floor, the ground was covered in fractured mosaics and a litter of broken columns and pediments. Lichen and maidenhair fern erupted among the ruins.

"I told you once," Leon said, "that the Ossinis are the clever ones, did I not?"

"You told me several times."

The Count laughed. "And now I will prove it to you. Should it need proving." He picked his way, with me following, through what must once have been a ruined township. Only the foundations remained, a cluster of columns here and there, and a few walls.

"Observe." He pointed to an exquisite floor mosaic, intricately patterned with mystical beasts and emblems more fearsome than even the Ossini coat of arms. "Now come up here." He led me up three shallow steps, past a broken wall, into a ruined alcove of the kind that might house some sacred statue.

The alcove guarded nothing but a fluted hollow. A dark mouth disappearing into a darker throat. Out of that mouth came a

Continued on page 62

EARN YOUR STRIPES

... and be the first in line this season with our super cut-out dress with its striped top and plain skirt in the latest fashion colours in easy-care double knit jersey with the choice of long or short sleeves

If you like stripes and subtle colours then our cut-out dress is for you! It's fashionable without being trendy and very practical in washable double knit jersey. Choose from long or short sleeves and see how useful it is for so many different occasions—casual or formal. The V-neck and striped top with its plain skirt make it highly individual whilst the three colourways are bang in fashion this season. Each pack comes completely cut-out and ready-to-sew with 24-inch zip and matching belt.

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All with parchment stripes.

The Sizes	10	12	14	16	18	20
Bust	32	34	36	38	40	42
Waist	24	26	28	30	32	35
Hips	36	38	40	42	44	46
Back neck						
to waist	16	16½	16½	16½	17	17½
Length*	38	39	40	41	42	43

* Plus 1½-inch hem allowance

The Prices (all inclusive)

Short sleeves	£3-50	£3-70	£3-90
Long sleeves	£3-75	£3-95	£4-15

For address and voucher with which to order please turn to page 77

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SIX SIZES
(UP TO A 46-INCH HIP)
IN THREE
FASHIONABLE
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FROM ONLY
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A. French Navy

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Inviting
Sweet and
Sour Pork Chop.

COOKING FOR ONE

With no one else's fads and fancies to worry about, you can concentrate on satisfying yourself, so Janet Warren has created some sweet and savoury recipes especially for the single cook

SAVOURY MEAT LOAF

Serve half the meat loaf hot when you have made it, and leave the remainder in a cool place to serve with a salad next day.

1 thick slice of white bread (1 oz.)

4 tablespoonfuls milk

8 oz. minced beef

1 level teaspoonful dried onion flakes or a small onion, peeled and chopped

2 level tablespoonfuls dried oxtail soup (half a 1-pint packet)

Cut the crusts off the bread, break it into pieces and put it into a small bowl; pour over the milk and leave it for about five minutes to soak. Beat the minced beef, onion and soup powder together and, when they are well combined, form the mixture into a small loaf shape. Wrap the loaf in foil, seal the ends securely, then cook it in one of the following ways:

Place the meat loaf on a baking tray and cook it with the Plum Dumpling (see page 24) on the centre shelf of a warm oven, gas mark 3 or 325 degrees, for one hour, or steam the loaf and dumpling in a pan

of simmering water that comes halfway up the sides of the loaf and pudding, also for one hour. Replenish with more boiling water when necessary.

When the Meat Loaf is cooked, carefully peel off the foil and cut half of the loaf into slices.

COTTAGE CASSEROLE

2 oz. lamb's liver

1 lamb's kidney

1 pork sausage

1 onion, peeled and sliced

8-oz. can tomatoes

1 bayleaf

Salt and pepper

2 level tablespoonfuls plain flour

1 oz. lard or dripping

Melt the fat in a pan over a low heat, then fry the sausage until it starts to brown. Remove it from the pan, cut it into three pieces and leave them on one side while preparing the other ingredients.

Trim the liver and cut it into strips. Remove the skin from the kidney, cut it in half and cut out the core. Season the flour with salt and pepper, then toss the liver and kidney in it so that the pieces are well coated. Add them to the pan and fry them in the remaining fat for about five minutes until they are brown. Transfer the pieces to the plate with the sausage. Fry the onion until it starts to brown, then stir in any of the remaining seasoned flour and blend in the tomatoes and their juice. Bring the sauce to the boil, stirring all the time, then add the meat to the sauce with the bayleaf. Cover the pan and simmer the Cottage Casserole over a low heat for about twenty minutes, or until the meats are tender. Remove the bayleaf and serve piping hot with creamed potatoes and green beans.

SWEET AND SOUR PORK CHOP

1 pork chop

1 banana

1 tomato

4½-oz. can fruit dessert (baby food)

½ oz. dripping or lard

1 level teaspoonful plain flour

½ level teaspoonful dry mustard

1 teaspoonful vinegar

Salt and pepper

Melt the lard or dripping in a small frying pan, then fry the pork chop over a medium heat for about ten minutes on each side, or until it is golden brown and tender. While the chop is frying on the second side, fry the peeled banana and the tomato cut in half. Put the chop, banana and tomato on to a plate and keep warm.

Stir the flour and mustard into the remaining fat in the pan, then blend in the vinegar and fruit dessert. Stirring all the time, bring the sauce to the boil, then check it for seasoning and pour it over the pork chop. Serve with a little plain boiled rice.



Savoury Meat Loaf can be served hot and cold.



Cottage Casserole—a delicious concoction.

More recipes overleaf





The sweet and savoury individual flans.

COOKING FOR ONE

Continued

PLUM DUMPLING

3 oz. self-raising flour

1 oz. prepared shredded suet

A pinch of salt

3 to 4 plums

1 level tablespoonful caster sugar

Brush a teacup with melted fat.

Sift the flour and salt into a mixing bowl, stir in the shredded suet then mix in enough water to make a fairly soft dough. Leave a quarter of the dough in the mixing bowl. Roll out the remainder on a lightly floured working surface to a circle large enough to line the teacup—about 6 inches. Lift the dough carefully into the cup and press it into the base and sides so that it extends just over the rim.

Wipe the plums, cut them in half and stone them, then place the pieces into the lined cup and sprinkle over the sugar. Roll the remaining piece of pastry into a circle the diameter of the cup, moisten the rim with a little water, then lift the lid in position. Press the edges together firmly, then trim off any excess dough. Make a pleat in a piece of kitchen foil, place it over the dumpling and fasten it in position with string. Cook the Plum Dumpling with the Meat Loaf (see recipe on previous page) to make a complete meal. Either bake it on the centre shelf of a warm oven, gas mark 3 or 325 degrees, for one hour or steam for one hour. Serve with custard.

Plum Dumpling is made in a teacup!



THE PASTRY

At the rubbed-in stage, shortcrust pastry will store in a polythene bag for at least a month. Use in any required quantity.

For the Pastry

4 oz. plain flour

2 oz. margarine

A pinch of salt

Sift the flour and salt into a mixing bowl, add the margarine cut into small pieces and, using the fingertips only, rub it in until the mixture resembles breadcrumbs and the fat is evenly distributed. Store this dry pastry mixture in a polythene bag in a cool place until it is required.

THE FLAN CASE

Mix half the rubbed-in pastry with enough cold water to make a fairly stiff dough. Leave it wrapped in greaseproof paper in a cool place while making the foil flan ring.

Cut a piece of foil, fifteen inches long and six inches wide and fold it in half lengthways, then in half again. Mould the strip of foil around a four-inch dish, and fasten it with a paper clip. Remove the dish and place the ring on a baking tray.

Roll out the pastry on a lightly floured working surface to a circle larger than the ring. Lift the pastry into it and very carefully press it into the base and up the sides. Trim off any excess pastry with a



pair of scissors. Crumple another piece of foil and place it in the flan. Bake the flan case on the centre shelf of a fairly hot oven, gas mark 6 or 400 degrees, for twenty minutes, then very carefully remove the foil from the centre. Continue cooking the flan ring for a further ten minutes.

The cold unfilled case will store in an airtight tin for about three days.

SAVOURY FLAN

The baked flan case

1 large egg, hard-boiled

1 oz. grated Cheddar cheese

3 level teaspoonfuls cornflour

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk

Salt and pepper

1 small tomato, cut into five slices

Put the cornflour into a small pan and blend it to a smooth paste with a little of the milk, then stir in the rest of the milk. Stand the pan over a low heat and, stirring all the time, bring it to the boil. Cook the sauce for a few minutes to thicken, then remove the pan from the heat and stir in

three-quarters of the grated cheese. Shell and chop the egg, stir the pieces into the sauce and season with salt and pepper. Pour the sauce into the flan case, arrange the slices of tomato on top and scatter over the rest of the cheese. Place the Savoury Flan under a pre-heated grill and cook it until the cheese is golden brown and bubbling—be careful not to brown the edge of the flan ring.

Serve the flan hot with some peas.

THE SWEET FLAN

The baked flan case

3 level teaspoonfuls custard powder

1 level tablespoonful caster sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk

1 banana

4 black grapes, halved and pipped

1 level tablespoonful apricot jam

Blend the custard powder with a little of the milk in a small saucepan and, when it is smooth, stir in the rest of the milk with the sugar. Put the pan over a low heat and, stirring all the time, bring the custard to the boil and cook it for a minute to thicken. Pour the custard into the flan case and leave it to cool.

Peel and slice the banana and arrange the slices around the edge of the flan case with the halved grapes in the centre. Heat the jam slowly, then very carefully glaze the fruit.



The Apple Pie can be served hot or cold.

APPLE PIE

Half the rubbed-in pastry mix (2 oz. flour)

1 medium-sized cooking apple

1 level tablespoonful caster sugar

A pinch of cinnamon powder

A six-inch ovenproof saucer

Peel and slice the apple and put it into the saucer with the sugar and cinnamon. Mix enough water into the rubbed-in pastry to make a fairly stiff dough. Roll out the dough on a lightly floured working surface to a circle larger than the saucer. Brush a little cold water around the edge of the saucer, then lift the pastry into position, pressing it firmly to the saucer. Decorate the edge with the prongs of a fork, then trim off the excess pastry with a knife. Make a small hole in the centre of the pie to release the steam, then brush the surface with water and dust with sugar.

Bake the pie on the centre shelf of a fairly hot oven, gas mark 6 or 400 degrees, for forty minutes or until the pastry is golden brown and the apples tender.

Serve the pie hot or cold.

Home made



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margarine

For reliable baking results

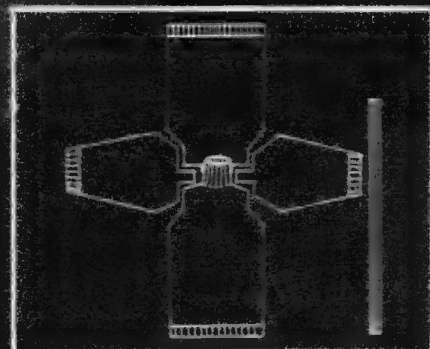


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Instant Impact is the keynote of our super long-line stocking stitch sweater in deep burnt orange with fancy cable panels, snug polo collar and optional belt, designed to keep you warm and snug on the coldest day

Instructions in 6 sizes



MEASUREMENTS

in inches

Bust size	32	34	36	38	40	42
All round at underarms	34	36	38	40	42	44
Side seam	16½	18½	18½	19½	19½	19½
Length	23	23½	23½	24	24	24½
Sleeve seam	16½	16½	16½	16½	16½	16½

MATERIALS: Eleven 50-grainme balls of Patons Trident Double Knitting for the 32-inch and 34-inch sizes; twelve balls for the 36-inch and 38-inch sizes; thirteen balls for the 40-inch and 42-inch sizes. For any one size: a pair each of No. 8, No. 9 and No. 10 knitting needles; a cable needle; a length of 2-inch wide Petersham ribbon; a belt buckle.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 11 stitches and 15 rows to 2 inches, over the stocking stitch, using No. 8 needles, to obtain the measurements given on opposite page.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); sl., slip; k. 2 tog.b., k. 2 tog. through back of sts.; dec., decrease (by taking 2 sts. tog.); c. 4f., cable 4 front (sl. next 2 sts. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, k. 2, then k. 2 sts. from cable needle); c. 4b., cable 4 back (as c. 4f., but leave cable needle at back of work); M.B., make bobble thus: pick up loop lying between needles and work alternately into the front and back of it, 5 times; turn, p. 5, turn, k. 5, turn, p. 2 tog., p. 1, p. 2 tog., turn, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., pass the slipped st. over, k. 1, then pass bobble st. over last st. worked; s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately.

Note: The instructions are given for the 32-inch size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 34-inch size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 36-inch size; work the figures within the third brackets for the 38-inch size; work the figures within the fourth brackets for the 40-inch size; work the figures within the fifth brackets for the 42-inch size.

For easier working, it is suggested that the knitter first goes through the instructions and underlines in red all the figures relating to the size to be worked.

THE BACK: With No. 10 needles cast on 89 (95) (101) (107) (113) (119) sts. and work 15 rows in single rib, beginning odd-numbered rows with k. 1 and even-numbered rows with p. 1.

Next (inc.) row: P. 18 (19) (21) (22) (24) (25), inc., p. 1, inc., p. 1, inc., * p. 19 (21) (22) (24) (25) (27), inc., p. 1, inc., p. 1, inc. *; repeat from * to * once, p. 18 (19) (21) (22) (24) (25)—98 (104) (110) (116) (122) (128) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in s.s. with cable panels as follows:

1st row: K. 16 (17) (19) (20) (22) (23), then for 1st panel, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2, * k. 15 (17) (18) (20) (21) (23), then for next panel, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2; repeat from * once, k. 16 (17) (19) (20) (22) (23).

2nd row: P. 16 (17) (19) (20) (22) (23), then for 1st panel k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, * p. 15 (17) (18) (20) (21) (23), then for next panel, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2; repeat from * once, p. 16 (17) (19) (20) (22) (23).

These 2 rows set the three 12-stitch cable panels, continuing in s.s., work the panels thus:

3rd row: * K. to panel, p. 2, k. 4, M.B., k. 3, p. 2; repeat from * twice, k. to end.

4th row: * P. to panel, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2; repeat from * twice, p. to end.

5th and 6th rows: As 1st and 2nd rows.

7th row: * K. to panel, p. 2, c. 4f., c. 4b., p. 2; repeat from * twice, k. to end.

8th row: As 2nd row.

9th and 10th rows: As 1st and 2nd rows.

11th row: * K. to panel, p. 2, c. 4b., c. 4f.,

p. 2; repeat from * twice, k. to end.

12th row: * P. to panel, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2; repeat from * twice, p. to end.

These 12 rows form the pattern. Work a further 90 rows.

To shape the armholes: *1st row:* K. 2, k. 2 tog., pattern until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.b., k. 2.

2nd row: Pattern to end.

Repeat the last 2 rows 9 (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) times more, then work the 1st row again. **

On 76 (80) (84) (88) (92) (96) sts., work 23 (25) (23) (25) (23) (25) rows.

To slope the shoulders: Cast off 8 (7) (8) (9) (8) (9) sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows and 7 (8) (8) (9) (9) sts. on the following 4 rows.

On 32 (34) (36) (38) (40) (42) sts., pattern 6 rows straight.

Cast off loosely.

THE FRONT: Work as given for the back to **.

On 76 (80) (84) (88) (92) (96) sts., work 12 (14) (12) (14) (12) (14) rows.

To divide sts. for neck: *Next row:* Pattern 29 (30) (31) (32) (33) (34) and leave these sts. on a spare needle for right front shoulder, cast off next 18 (20) (22) (24) (26) (28), pattern to end and work on these 29 (30) (31) (32) (33) (34) sts. for left front shoulder.

The left front shoulder: **To shape the neck:** Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the next 7 rows.

On 22 (23) (24) (25) (26) (27) sts., work 3 rows, ending at armhole edge.

To slope the shoulder: Cast off 8 (7) (8) (9) (8) (9) sts. at the beginning of the next row and 7 (8) (8) (9) (9) sts. on the following alternate row.

On 7 (8) (8) (8) (9) (9) sts., work 1 row, then cast off.

The right front shoulder: With right side of work facing, rejoin yarn to inner end of sts. on spare needle and pattern to end.

Now work as given for left front shoulder to end.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): With No. 10 needles cast on 43 (47) (47) (51) (51) (55) sts. and work 15 rows in rib as given for back.

Next (inc.) row: P. 19 (21) (21) (23) (23) (25), inc., p. 1, inc., p. 1, inc., p. 19 (21) (21) (23) (23) (25)—46 (50) (50) (54) (54) (58) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and s.s., working cable panel in centre as follows:

1st row: K. 17 (19) (19) (21) (21) (23), then for panel, p. 2, k. 8, p. 2, k. 17 (19) (21) (21) (23).

2nd row: P. 17 (19) (19) (21) (21) (23), for panel, k. 2, p. 8, k. 2, p. 17 (19) (19) (21) (21) (23).

These 2 rows set the cable panel, continue to keep pattern correct as given for back, at the same time, inc. 1 st. at each end of the 1st (5th) (5th) (1st) (1st) (5th) row and every following 8th (7th) (7th) (7th) (7th) (6th) row until the 13th (14th) (14th) (15th) (15th) (16th) inc. row has been completed.

On 72 (78) (78) (84) (84) (90) sts., work 7 (8) (8) (5) (5) (9) rows.

To shape the sleeve top: *1st row:* K. 2, k. 2 tog., pattern until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.b., k. 2.

2nd row: Pattern to end.

Repeat the last 2 rows 10 (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) times more—50 (54) (52) (56) (54) (58) sts.

To shape for saddle shoulder: *Next row:* Cast off 19 (21) (20) (22) (21) (23),



Bright colours are the answer for cold, dull days and we suggest sunny gold, bright red, warm wine, gay emerald, striking turquoise or pretty fuchsia pink.

pattern 12, cast off remaining 19 (21) (20) (22) (21) (23) sts.

With wrong side of work facing, rejoin yarn to remaining 12 sts. and pattern 29 (31) (31) (33) (33) (35) rows.

Cast off.

THE COLLAR: With No. 10 needles cast on 94 (98) (102) (106) (110) (114) sts. and work 24 rows in single rib.

Change to No. 9 needles and rib a further 20 rows.

Cast off loosely in rib.

THE BELT: With No. 10 needles cast on 15 sts.

1st row (right side): K. 2, * p. 1, k. 1; repeat from * until 1 st. remains, k. 1 more.

2nd row: K. 1, * p. 1, k. 1; repeat from * to end.

Repeat the last 2 rows until belt measures 30 (32) (34) (36) (38) (40) inches or length required.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER: Press lightly on the wrong side with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Set in sleeves, sewing saddle strips along shoulders at back and front and half of the cast-off sts. to extra rows at top of back. Join side and sleeve seams. Join seam of collar, then sew cast-on edge of collar to neck edge with seam at centre back. Fold in half to right side. Back belt with Petersham and add buckle.



Prima Ballerina—well-shaped, sweetly-scented flowers of satin pink.

Sutter's Gold—orange red buds opening yellow; fragrant and free-flowering.



Our Special Offer For Your Garden

SIX LOVELY ROSE BUSHES

**LARGE-FLOWERING
HYBRID TEA
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All-inclusive price

*You will receive one of each
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SUTTERS GOLD
CHRISTIAN DOR
SUPER STAR
BLUE MOON

WHAT IS a garden without roses! And many people's first choice would be a bed of the well-loved Hybrid Tea varieties, which produce an abundance of large, shapely double blooms, mostly fragrant. Our selection of six favourite varieties comes in a delightful range of different colours. These bushes have a long flowering season—from June to November. They will make a beautiful display in the garden and the blooms are ideal for cutting, as well.

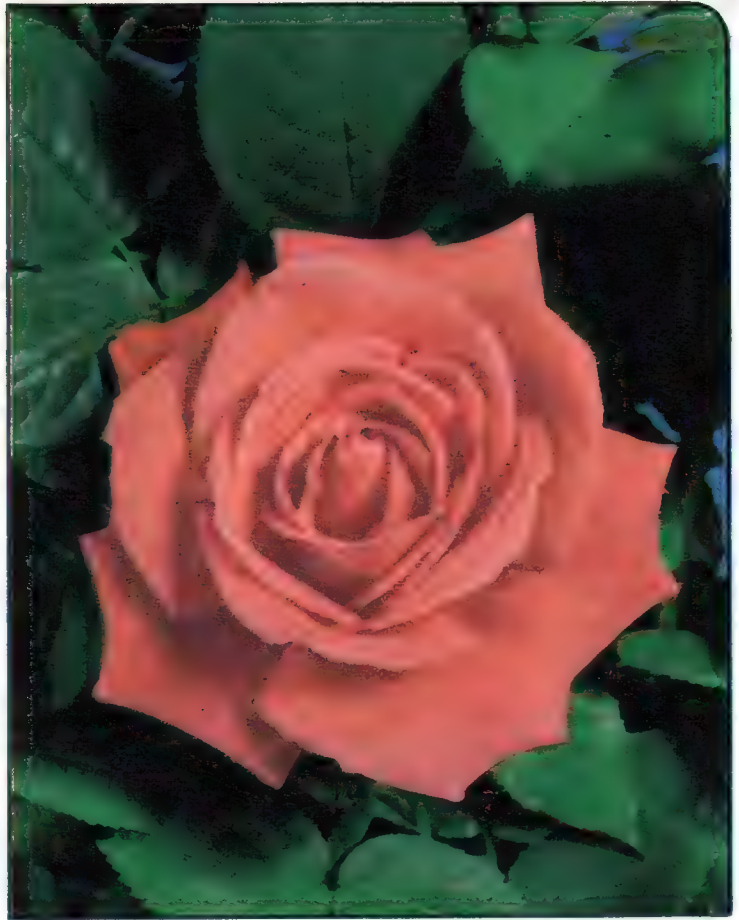
Roses prefer a sunny open position, sheltered from north winds, and the soil should be thoroughly prepared before planting, with the addition of well-rotted manure, compost or fertiliser. Full cultural instructions will come with your rose bushes. Given the right treatment, they will grow and thrive for many years.

PLEASE NOTE that should weather conditions be unsuitable, the lifting and despatch of the rose bushes may have to be delayed. Roses can, however, be planted from November to March, provided the soil is not frozen.

FOR ORDER COUPON, PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 77.



Gold Crown—long, pointed buds opening to large, golden yellow flowers.
Christian Dior—beautiful spiral-shaped blooms of rich velvety scarlet.



Super Star—pure vermillion and fragrant, on firm stems, ideal for cutting.
Blue Moon—lovely large blooms of silvery lilac, very fragrant.





Left: Contrasts in Provence—the ruins of Les Baux.

WEDDED TO PROvence

Cecilia Phillips, married to a Frenchman, gives us a fascinating glimpse of a housewife's lot across the channel

VISITING a country as a foreigner—even for months on end—and living there permanently is a very different matter. But if you marry into it, the amount of adaptation required is doubled.

It might seem that when I married my French husband (a Provençal, born and bred) I was reasonably ready for the changes involved. I had worked part-time in France for several years, spoke French—or thought I could—and, having many friends in Provence, knew the region particularly well—or thought I did. Now, after four years as a French citizen and Provençal housewife, I realise that there must still be endless small points about life here that I'm not yet aware of at all.

MEDICAL STEPS

Did you know that to have a simple blood test you would need to make five ports of call? First, to the doctor for a paper saying so; second, to a nursing assistant qualified to take it; third, to the laboratory with the phial and fourth back there for the result—to be delivered, of course, fifthly to the doctor. And each stop needs paying—although a percentage is later given back by

the Sécurité Sociale. If it's an injection you need, there are still three steps necessary: to the doctor for the paper; to the chemist for the product; and to a nurse or medical assistant.

Did you know that if you invite Monsieur and Madame X for lunch, they will quite normally still be there for supper? And, equally normally, anybody in the X household that day will be taken as being included—so that instead of providing lunch just for Ma and Pa, you can find yourself faced with Granny or Uncle X, or son X temporarily at home unknown to you. Furthermore the X family can arrive without being invited and still expect to be fed.

Did you know that if you offer someone a drink and he replies, “*En aucune façon*”, (which roughly translated means “Not on any account”, or “By no means”) it is considered perfectly polite, at least in the Midi? But on the other hand, if you don't remember to wish every possible friend and relation a Happy New Year within the first two weeks of January—including kissing them on both cheeks—you will likely be thought beyond the pale.

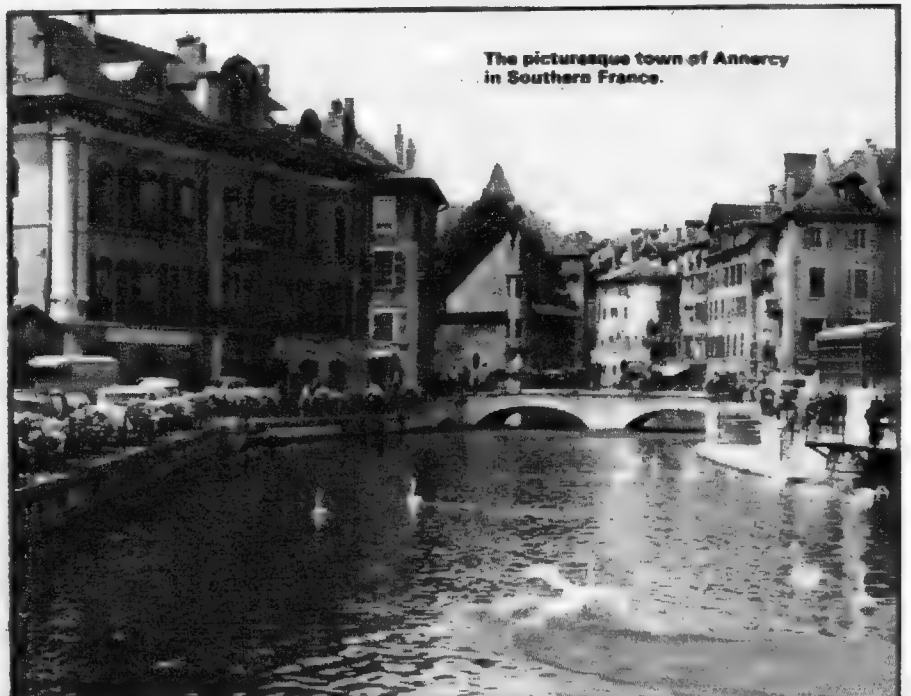
Well, if you knew all that, so much the better; but I didn't. Apart from suchlike curiosities and many other small nuances of language and custom, one soon gets into the new rhythm of life in another country. Shopping, for instance, so far as our household is concerned, means a weekly visit to the nearest market town. Most fresh foods are bought from the open-air stalls; packeted and tinned goods come from the big shops. Clothes and household goods may be found in either.

LOCAL MILK

Bread can be fetched from the village. We're also lucky in that there are five local cows as, due to Provence being generally hot, grasslands (and therefore cows) are scarce.

Once-a-week shopping means having at least outline menus in mind for the next seven days. This can be tricky here until one gets into the swing, for many Provençal dishes are not only highly spiced but very

Continued on page 77



The picturesque town of Annecy in Southern France.



Most fresh foods are bought from open air stalls.



Brilliant sunshine floods through the leaves to pattern the pavement of a street in Aix en Provence.



Shopping only once a week means at least outline menus in mind for seven days.



FURTHER CHAPTERS OF LUCILLA ANDREWS'
COMPASSIONATE NEW NOVEL

HOSPITAL OF THE ISLANDS



As so often happens, the absurd, the unexpected happening had broken the ice of convention between us. Here, to my delight, was the real Magnus, a man both vulnerable and so likeable...

HOW THE STORY BEGAN

The lounge of the small Scottish airport was crowded that morning as I, CHARLOTTE ANTHONY, awaited my connecting flight to the island of Thessa. But my mind was swept back two years to my meeting with DOUG ELLISTER, the man who became my fiancé and then, tragically, drowned in a sailing accident. Remembering those hours we were in the sea still filled me with fear. Suddenly a strange voice spoke—a fair, young man who introduced himself as ROD HARDING, an oil company technologist, flying to Thessa to a conference. We discussed the delay, due to fog, but a dark, elegant man who seemed to know about local weather conditions interrupted us and advised patience. He carried fishing tackle, and I presumed he was on holiday, and his languid attitude somehow irritated me. He was met at Thessa airport by an attractive, red-haired girl. Rod drove me to Thessa General Hospital, where I was standing in as Staff Nurse for my old friend KIRSTY MANSON, for a month, but the other two had arrived before us. Mrs. BROWN, the Chief Nursing Officer, introduced them as MAGNUS MORAY, locum consultant surgeon, and Sister JENNY FRASIER, Senior Sister Theatre. The girl's face froze when she saw Rod and me.

My first few days on Olaf ward were busy and exacting; I seemed to spend much of my time apologising to Magnus Moray, and Sister Frasier also seemed to disapprove of me. But I made friends with the houseman, ALAN DONALD, and Rod took me to dinner and a party. Before we went I was surprised to find him in conversation with Sister Frasier; tersely, he explained that he knew her years ago. I did not tell him that Alan had hinted at a romance between her and Magnus. At the end of the week the hospital staff were eagerly awaiting the Foundation Ball. I had arranged to swap my free night with one of the night staff, and on my way to Casualty passed Magnus and Jenny Frasier, resplendent in evening dress, leaving for the Ball. My night duties involved admitting a patient who had been brought from a nearby island by lifeboat, the *Harriet Ryan*. A road accident brought Magnus back to Casualty to attend the victims. Rumours of his romance with Jenny continued, but some days later I found her looking pale and haggard in the changing room. She said that her troubles were emotional, and when she had gone I found a note in Magnus's handwriting addressed to her, and obviously personal. The rift between them was clearly more than a lovers' tiff. When Magnus rang me at the weekend to invite me to drive to the northern hills I was too astonished to invent an excuse. The scenery was exquisite, the air clean and bracing. As we walked beside a loch I stepped nearer the water to catch sight of moorhens; but Magnus's warning cry came too late—my feet sank and I pitched forward into the green slime.

The story now continues

I WASN'T hurt or in any danger. The boggy patch was based on more solid ground only inches down, but having fallen forwards, my face and best trouser suit were streaked with green slime and mud. Before I got my breath, Magnus had lifted me out and sat me on the floor of the open back of the estate car. He was so concerned, I lost my own embarrassment and earlier stiff shyness in my anxiety to reassure him. "Honestly, I'm not at all hurt. I'm just so sorry to have been so stupid!"

"But it was my fault! How were you, a stranger, to recognise treacherous ground?"

He helped me out of my jacket which had come off worst. "You've ruined your bonnie outfit!"

"No, it's all right. Once dry, it will brush or clean off." I glimpsed my reflection in a window. "Oh, woe! My face is a sight!" I laughed. "Anywhere I can wash it?"

"There's a burn back here—"

"Oh, fine, thanks." I walked across the road to a small stream chuckling down the hillside. "Ouch! Freezing but gloriously soft! Thanks." I dried my glowing face and hands on another of his apparently inexhaustible supply of clean white handkerchiefs. "Is it all off?"

He scrutinised my upturned face as if searching for more than traces of mud, then smiled widely. "Not even a speck on the tip of your nose. Now we must just prevent the risk of pneumonia, and then we can think about lunch." He went back to the car, searched under the rugs and produced a clean, thick sweater. "I'd willingly offer you my driving coat, but I fear the weight and size would smother you. If you wear this sweater under your mack you should be warm enough."

Somehow, my absurd fall had broken the ice. I couldn't guess the fundamental cause of the sadness in his face just before I stumbled, but I sensed it went much deeper than the recent disruption of his relationship with Jenny Frasier. For those few seconds, I realised in retrospect, he had looked like someone haunted by a tragic memory. Now, I was glad to see that sadness had vanished. I felt myself looking at him with new eyes, and then realised—not with new eyes, but merely eyes clear of unreasoned prejudice.

His sweater came down to my knees, and I had to turn up the cuffs several times to produce hands. "With no disrespect to your gloriously warm garment, I am now the best-dressed scarecrow in the business!"

"On the contrary I was thinking how well it suits you." He helped me into my mack. "Are you sure you feel up to the climb to the top? We could picnic down here."

Half an hour ago I wouldn't have believed I'd dare try to tease him. I looked prim. "I'm sorry, Mr. Moray, but I'm afraid there is something you ought to know."

He raised his eyebrows. "Indeed?"

"Indeed. Today you have lumbered yourself with one who is absolutely fixated on ruins. Show me an ancient church, castle, remains of a prehistoric settlement like the one up there and the only way to stop me investigating every stone is to use brute force, which I don't imagine you have in mind."

He laughed. "Not on this occasion. I'll bear the information in mind. Right!" He slung the groundsheet and rugs over one shoulder, the strap of the picnic basket over the other and locked the car. "You

Continued overleaf





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HOSPITAL OF THE ISLANDS

Continued

set the pace, Charlotte. That shepherd's track to the top is longer and steeper than it looks."

IT WAS hard walking, but I enjoyed every yard. The brisk, clean air, scented with heather and salt from the North Sea far ahead, was heady as wine. Below, the little loch glittered like a sapphire between the purple splashed green of the hills, and all round the omnipresent sea birds of Thessa swirled, floated, and sang.

Magnus swung up beside me with the graceful ease of a man in his natural element. The stiff breeze lifted his dark hair, flicked colour into his pale face, made him seem years younger than the grave, formal Mr. Moray in the hospital. He looked quite extraordinarily attractive.

We talked without any of that former strain, not as old but as new friends, equally pleased to discover we enjoyed each other's company. He told me of his hills at home. "And towering over all is one of the highest Bens in Scotland."

"You climb a lot?"

"Not now as much as I used to. So little time. I still walk the hills whenever I can, though. My present permanent job is in a city hospital on the mainland, but the hills are only a short drive away. Even a stroll such as this one provides what I miss so much in city life: quiet to hear oneself think; air used only for breathing; and on all sides, untouched beauty."

We stopped again to gaze down over the endless hills and slits of bright blue water weaving towards the surrounding seas. I said, "Thessa is almost part of the sea."

"It is, and so are the Islanders. Their love of the sea runs so strongly in their blood, I've yet to meet one who can live happily when not in sight and sound of the waves." He glanced at me keenly, but I was too entranced by the glory of the view to wonder why.

"Is it as hard for Highlanders to live happily away from their hills?"

"Oh, yes, I think so." He scanned the sky, offered me a hand. "Let me help you over the last stretch, because we should speed up. That small black cloud that started chasing us when the wind turned sou' west just now, will shortly empty a few buckets on this hill."

He was right. Just as we reached the circle of ancient stones on the crest, the downpour started.

"Sorry, Charlotte, but history must wait! This way!" He hurried me down what appeared to be a giant rabbit hole that opened into a small, shallow, cave-like shelter protected by the overhang of the crest on the far side of the hill. "A fine day out I'm providing!" He spread the groundsheet and rugs. "First a mud bath, then a deluge!"

"As my father used to say on our family picnics—all part of life's rich pattern. It always pelted, hailed or thundered, and we ended up eating in the car. And loved it!"

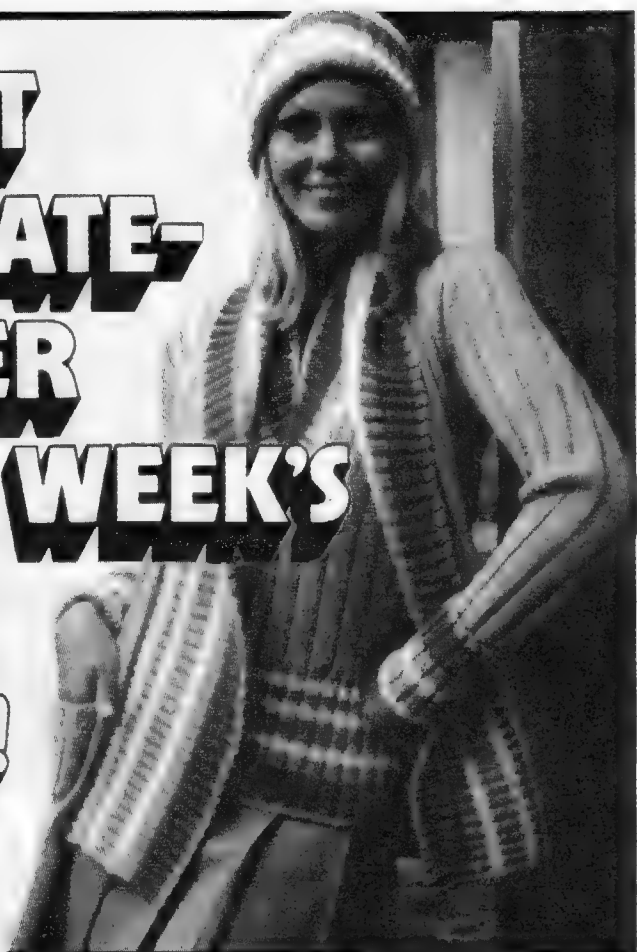
Magnus set out our individual vacuum flasks of coffee and neatly wrapped packets on cardboard plates. "Chicken, ham, cheese, lettuce, apples. I thought I'd best separate them in case there was anything that you disliked."

"You? Don't you have a housekeeper?"

"I've a helpful lady who comes in daily, but Sundays she keeps for her family."

Continued overleaf

DON'T HESITATE— ORDER NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE NOW!



WINTER WARMERS Attractive three-piece, knitted in wide rib, consists of V-neck jersey, shawl-collared jacket, and matching pull-on hat with pretty two-colour trim. And, for shopping or walking in the country there's a useful button-up cardigan *plus* a bonus for the children—a complete doll's knitted wardrobe.



FASHIONABLE JEWELLERY OFFER

A beautiful pair of four-strand necklaces with a golden-coloured finish for £1.50. These elegant chains range from approximately 27 in. to 41½ in. You can wear them separately or, for maximum effect, joined on a connecting ring to make an eight-row necklace!

GIFTS WITH A DIFFERENCE See Jean Greenhowe's latest musical miniature—a delightful snow scene which revolves to the tune of a favourite Christmas carol. And there's a selection of pretty but inexpensive gifts, including a mirror, decorated flower pot, boxes and bangles—all for you to make.

FASHION VOUCHER WORTH 50p! A really exciting double offer that includes a versatile bargain pattern, together with a special money-saving voucher—allowing you 50p towards the price of the suggested fabric available from Singer shops. The pattern includes a long wrap-over skirt with matching top, and a short wrap-over dress with a choice of long or short sleeves.

STEP-BY-STEP COOKERY Follow Janet Warren's step-by-step instructions and learn the secret of making Chicken Kiev—those surprise parcels of chicken filled with melted butter.

PLUS all your favourite features and fiction in

WOMAN'S WEEKLY NEXT WEEK!

Why? Did you think me incapable of cutting a sandwich? Clearly there is something you ought to know, Miss Anthony!" Now he was teasing me. "If I hadn't learnt my way round a kitchen years ago, I'd have been in a sad state. During my years in medical school, all my landladies had the same stern views." He switched into broad Scots. "I expect my student laddies to fend for themselves, and any mess left when the milk boils over or any saucepans burnt dry, and away out with you to find fresh lodgings!" Though no cordon bleu," he added, "I can cook moderately well, and once had no equal at the dish we called Lollyless Hash." He gave the basic ingredients. "To add the touch of perfection—grate on cheese so stale even the mice scorn it."

I LAUGHED, but inwardly I squirmed at my initial unfair conviction that he had always had life too easy. "Are you from a big family?"

"Just the two of us. My elder sister is married to the man whose job I'm temporarily filling. My father's a minister and, as my mother is constantly telling him, does far too much for his age—and so does she. But as they both enjoy excellent health, never having a spare moment clearly suits them. Do you know the Western Highlands?"

"I'm afraid all I know of the Scottish mainland is that one airport, and the hotel and house we were lodged in overnight."

"I heard that your party had to be split as the hotel was so full." He gazed through the curtain of rain through which could just be glimpsed more hills, lochs, and the great grey Atlantic breakers crashing on to the coastline. "Your parents live in London?"

"No." I moved back to prop myself against the hill, and told him briefly about my parents and married brother in Australia.

"You don't look comfortable, Charlotte. Sit forward and I'll give you this spare rug as a cushion. There!" He settled himself against the hill about a yard from me, stretched out his legs and folded his arms. "Have you not thought of joining your family in Australia?"

I was really beginning to like him, and hoped we could be friends, but I couldn't yet talk to him about Doug. "I'd love to see them again, but—but I guess I'm as hooked on my London as you are on your hills." I changed the subject. "All those poor birds will get so wet. Will they mind?"

"They'll have found good shelter." I felt him watching me as I stared unseeingly at the rain. "That's why most of them are here. For shelter. They fly hundreds of miles from the Arctic, from Scandinavia, and use all these islands as a sanctuary, where they can rest and recover their strength before flying on."

"Rather like so many of the patients in the hospital."

"That thought has often occurred to me. It is one of the many reasons why I like working in Thessa General so much. Am I right in my impression that you're enjoying your work, too?"

"Absolutely!" I turned to him. "Does it show so much?"

"That does," he replied pleasantly, if enigmatically, and fell silent. This time his

Continued on page 48

BRIDGE THE GAP!

Sporty little crochet battledress jacket for the outdoor girl is decorated with contrast stripes providing scope for many colour combinations. The popular zip front makes it the ideal companion for between-seasons leisure and pleasure-wear

Instructions in 3 sizes

MATERIALS: Eleven ounces of Lee Target Motoravia 4-ply in main colour for the 34-inch and 36-inch sizes; twelve ounces for the 38-inch size. For any one size: two ounces of the same yarn in a contrasting colour; three 25-gramme balls of Lee Target Mohair to match contrast; sizes 3.50, 4.00 and 6.00 crochet hooks; an 18-inch open end slide fastener.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 5 treble in width and 3 rows in depth to 1 inch, using size 4.00 hook, to obtain the measurements given on facing page.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: St., stitch; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble; sl.st., slip stitch; sp., space; dec. 1 or dec. 2, decrease 1 (2) stitches thus: work 1 tr. into each of next 2 (3) tr., leaving last loop of each on hook, yarn over hook, draw through all loops; m., main colour; c., contrast colour.

Note: The instructions are given for the 34-inch size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 36-inch size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 38-inch size.

THE BACK: With 4.00 hook and m. make 72 (76) (80) ch.

Foundation row: 1 tr. into 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each of next 1 (3) (5) ch., * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 2 tr. in next ch., 1 tr. in each of next 5 ch., 2 tr. in next ch.; repeat from * 7 times, 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of last 3 (5) (7) ch., turn—87 (91) (95) sts.

Pattern row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. in each of next 2 (4) (6) tr., * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 9 tr.; repeat from * 7 times, 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of last 3 (5) (7) tr., turn. The last row forms the pattern. Repeat the pattern row 26 times.

To shape the armholes: 1st row: Sl.st. across and into 5th (7th) (9th) st., 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern until 8 (10) (12) sts. remain, dec. 2, 1 tr. into next tr., turn—75 sts. 2nd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern until 4 sts. remain, dec. 2, 1 tr. in last tr., turn.

3rd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 1, pattern until 3 sts. remain, dec. 1, 1 tr. in last tr., turn. 4th row: Repeat 3rd row once—67 sts.

Pattern a further 20 (22) (22) rows straight.

To shape the neck and shoulders: Next row: Sl.st. along and into 3rd st., 1 d.c. in 1 ch.sp., 1 d.c. in next tr., 1 h.tr. in each of next 3 tr., pattern 9 sts., dec. 2, 1 tr. in next tr., turn.

Next row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 1, 1 h.tr. in each of next 3 sts., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 sts., sl.st. in next st. Fasten off.

Return to dividing row, miss next 25 sts., rejoin yarn into next tr., 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern 9 sts., 1 h.tr. in each of next 3 sts., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 sts., sl.st. in next st.,

turn. Next row: Sl.st. across 2 d.c., 3 h.tr. and 3 tr., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 sts., 1 h.tr. in each of next 3 sts., dec. 1, 1 tr. in next tr. Fasten off.

THE LEFT FRONT: With 4.00 hook and m. make 36 (38) (40) ch.

Foundation row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each of next 1 (3) (5) ch., * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 2 tr. in next ch., 1 tr. in each of next 5 ch., 2 tr. in next ch.; repeat from * 3 times, turn—43 (45) (47) sts.

Next row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. in each of next 8 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 ch., * 1 tr. in each of next 9 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 ch.; repeat from * 3 times, 1 tr. in each of last 3 (5) (7) tr., turn.

The last row sets the pattern.

Work a further 26 rows.

To shape the armhole: 1st row: Sl.st. across and into 5th (7th) (9th) st., 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern to end, turn.

2nd row: Pattern until 4 sts. remain, dec. 2, 1 tr. in next tr., turn. 3rd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 1, pattern to end, turn.

4th row: Pattern until 3 sts. remain, dec. 1, 1 tr. in next tr., turn—33 sts.

Work 17 (19) (19) rows straight, ending at front edge.

To shape the neck: 1st row: Sl.st. across and into 11th st., 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern to end, turn.

2nd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., pattern until 4 sts. remain, dec. 2, 1 tr. in last tr., turn.

3rd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern to end, turn.

To slope the shoulder: Next row: Sl.st. along and into 3rd st., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 sts., 1 h.tr. in each of next 3 sts., pattern 9, turn.

Next row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. in next st., 1 h.tr. in each of next 3 sts., 1 d.c. in next 2 sts., sl.st. in next st. Fasten off.

THE RIGHT FRONT: With 4.00 hook and m. make 36 (38) (40) ch.

Foundation row: 2 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook 1 tr. in each of next 5 ch., 2 tr. in next ch., 1 ch., miss 1 ch., * 2 tr. in next ch., 1 tr. in each of next 5 ch., 2 tr. in next ch., 1 ch., miss 1 ch.; repeat from * twice, 1 tr. in each of last 3 (5) (7) tr., turn.

Pattern row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., 1 tr. in each of next 2 (4) (6) tr., * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 9 tr.; repeat from * 3 times, turn.

This last row sets the pattern.

Work a further 26 rows.

To shape the armhole: 1st row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., pattern until 8 (10) (12) sts. remain, dec. 2, 1 tr. in next tr., turn.

2nd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern to end, turn.

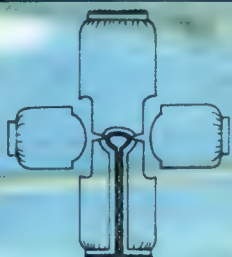
3rd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., pattern until 3 sts. remain, dec. 1, 1 tr. in next tr., turn.

4th row: As 2nd row—33 sts.

Work 17 (19) (19) rows straight, ending at armhole edge. Continued overleaf



Popular colours
for outdoor wear
include gold/dusky
gold, emerald/navy,
scarlet/black,
brown/coconut
cream and
grey/scarlet



MEASUREMENTS

in inches

To fit bust size	34	36	38
All round at underarms— fastened	35½	37½	39
Side seam	11	11	11
Length	19	19½	19½
Sleeve seam	16½	16½	16½

BRIDGE THE GAP

Crochet jacket: continued

To shape the neck: 1st row: Pattern until 14 sts. remain, dec. 2, 1 tr. in next tr., turn.

2nd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern to end, turn.

3rd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., pattern until 4 sts. remain, dec. 2, 1 tr. in last tr., turn.

To slope the shoulder: Next row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., pattern next 8 sts., 1 h.tr. in each of next 3 sts., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 sts., sl.st. in next st., turn.

Next row: Sl.st. along and into the 8th st., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 sts., 1 h.tr. in each of next 3 sts., 1 tr. in each of last 2 sts. Fasten off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): With 4-00 hook and m. make 36 (38) (40) ch.

Foundation row: 2 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 2 tr. in each of next nil (1) (2) ch., * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 2 tr. in each of next 2 ch., 1 tr. in next ch., 2 tr. in each of next 2 ch.; repeat from * 5 times, 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 2 tr. in each of next 1 (2) (3) ch., 1 tr. in last ch., turn—67 (71) (75) sts.

Repeat the pattern row as given for back, 41 times.

To shape the sleeve top: 1st row: Sl.st. across and into 5th (7th) (9th) st., 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern until 8 (10) (12) sts. remain, dec. 2, 1 tr. in next st., turn—55 sts.

2nd row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 2, pattern until 4 sts. remain, dec. 2, 1 tr. in last st., turn.

3rd and 4th rows: As 2nd row—42 sts.

5th row: 3 ch. for 1st tr., dec. 1, pattern until 3 sts. remain, dec. 1, 1 tr. in last st., turn.

6th to 8th rows: As 5th row—35 sts.

9th and 10th rows: 3 ch. for 1st tr., pattern to end, turn.

11th to 13th rows: As 5th row—29 sts.

14th and 15th rows: As 2nd row—21 sts.

16th row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next st., 1 h.tr. in each of next 2 sts., pattern to last 4 sts., 1 h.tr. in each of next 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st., sl.st. in next st. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP THE TOP: Join shoulder seams. Set in sleeves, then join side and sleeve seams.

THE CUFFS (both alike): With right side facing, using 3-50 hook and c. work 1 d.c. into each of the foundation ch. at lower edge of sleeve, sl.st. to 1st d.c., turn.

Next row: 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end, sl.st. to 1st d.c., turn.

Repeat the last row 14 times more.

Fasten off.

THE WAISTBAND: With 3-50 hook and c. work 12 rows of d.c. all along lower edge. Fasten off.

THE FRONT NECK AND WAIST BORDER: With right side facing, rejoin c. to lower edge of right front and using 3-50 hook, work 4 rows of d.c. ending each row with a sl.st. to 1st d.c. before turning and working 3 d.c. into corners on alternate rows to keep border flat.

THE TRIMMING: With 6-00 hook and Mohair work up each stripe of 1 ch.sps. as follows:

Keeping yarn on top of work, crochet 1 sl.st. into each ch.sp., turn, then folding work wrong sides together along the line of sl.sts. just made, work 1 d.c. into each sl.st. to end. Fasten off. Thread end of yarn to wrong side and neaten.

Insert slide fastener.

Are you happy with what you've got?

So few of us will honestly admit to being content with what we have in life. The Man-Who-Sees suggests that we sit down and take stock of ourselves

TWO MEN ahead of me in a queue, were talking about a third man, known to them both, who had recently bought a very expensive car. Discussion of the merits of this impressive vehicle led on to the subject of the de-merits of their own, respective, old cars. One said he had hoped to trade his in for a new one this year, but that was out now. "The way things are today . . ." The other said his was good for a few years yet, fortunately. But both agreed that with running costs what they were now, road congestion and parking difficulties, a car was only a liability. Which brought them back to their neighbour's new car and its astronomical running costs.

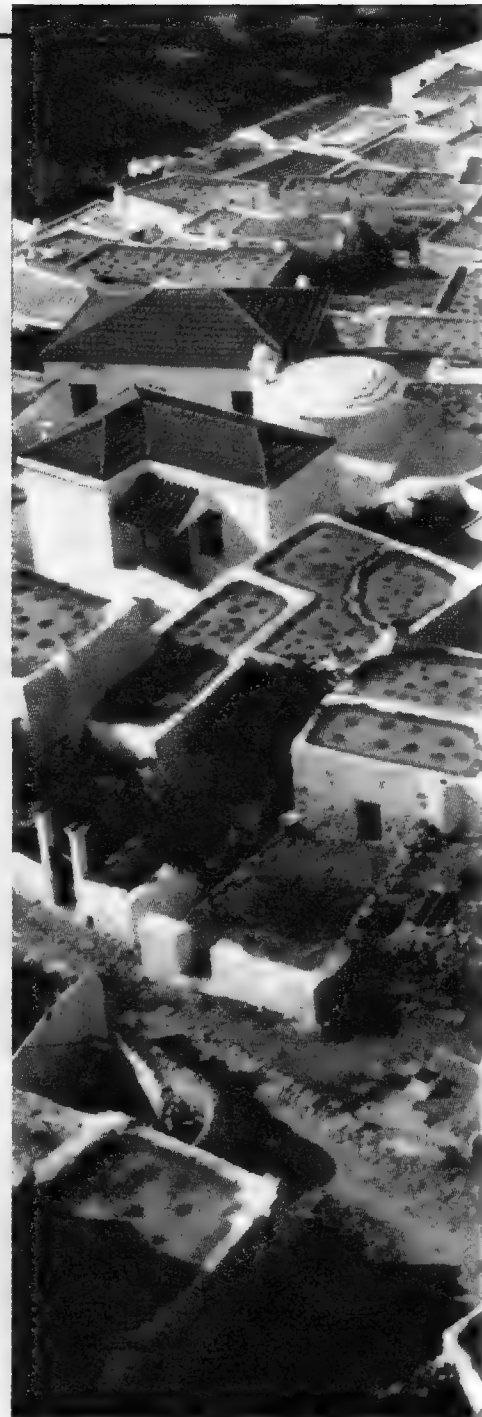
They both agreed that would not worry him. After a brief silence, one said he would like to know how he did it. "When he came here he had no more than anyone else." When was that? About ten years ago? And now look at him. That house he's built must have cost a packet—swimming pool and all the rest of it . . .

HAVING THE KNOW-HOW

WELL, some people just seem to have the know-how. The rest of us have to work ourselves into the ground, and have nothing to show for it."

For a time, while the queue crawled slowly forward, the pair grousing and agreeing along these lines, during which it transpired that what they had "to show for it", might seem a great deal in the way of worldly goods to those on our earth's surface who have no house or, worse still, no more than their cooking pots. And, for those poor unfortunate beings, "the way things are today" there is nothing to cook in the pot, so they are quietly starving to death.

But, this relatively *much* that the two owned, was mentioned—as their cars had been—only as if they were liabilities, and they were plainly not thinking of themselves as fortunate in such possessions.



They both owned a house, which they discussed in terms of the rise in mortgage rates, the expense of re-decorating which one man was doing, and the cost of the prefabricated extension which the other man, with the help of his brother-in-law, had put up outside the kitchen to take the freezer, the washing-machine, and other over-flow.

They both had gardens, for which one had had to "fork out" for an electric mower, and in which the other had a greenhouse which at present was being used as a bicycle shed when the boys remembered to put their bikes away.

At last, the journey to the turnstiles ended, and they were discussing the relative advantages of renting a colour television or buying on hire purchase. As we passed through, we went our separate ways to enjoy the game which we had all gone



LOOKING AT LIFE WITH THE MAN-WHO-SEES

side of some shop counter where, nowadays, some of what they want is in short supply, or can no longer be comfortably afforded.

I am not saint enough to despise worldly goods and pleasures which money can buy. And, as far as I am concerned, helps to happiness can be bought over a shop counter, though some might say they can not. But, when I buy a book I long for, or a new recording of some favourite music, a rose tree, I "buy" happy hours. I am sure I would also get much pleasure out of the colour television set, which I have had to decide I cannot have. I do very well with my black and white television set, and my father did very well without any at all, happy with his radio for many evening hours. And my grandfather would take himself to solitude and listen in delight to what would now be heard as the appalling sounds of an original record of Caruso.

FOREVER WANTING

MOST of us who hope for more and better, are finding that some of those hopes must be foregone for a time. If you are one of them, and are too greatly, and too often unhappy because of this, and have for long felt, resentfully, that you have so little anyhow compared with some of your friends, there are three things you might do to rid yourself of that resentment and frustration.

First, instead of comparing your material standard of living with those friends who have more comforts and luxuries, compare yourself with others who have so little, who have, in actual fact, a desperate struggle to find the necessities of life—a home and its adequate supplies. You have not to look far.

Secondly, if you care to use an idle hour, instead of sitting down with your discontent, take stock of what you have. Make an inventory. Get a pencil and a writing pad, because you will, to your astonishment, need much more than a sheet of paper on which to list all the abundance of the good material things in life which have come your way. Do it honestly, starting with those four walls and a roof, and putting in all that is in each room, in your kitchen, in those drawers and cupboards, all those things you have been able to give your children (if you have them), all those things you have perhaps ceased to notice you have, things that bring comfort and beauty into your life.

And thirdly, having done that, if you still feel that you would be happy, as you are not now, if only you had a higher material standard of living, a house like someone else's and a swimming pool, more and better things to put in the house, more and better things to wear, and if all that long list of possessions still seems little or nothing to you, then ask yourself if you may not be on the wrong track in your pursuit of happiness.

We cannot return to the simple life, with a few cooking pots, and sticks to make a fire. Our society is such that we must buy from one another to survive. Nor is there anything reprehensible in wanting some of the good things we have for comfort and pleasure. But if, no matter how much we have, we see that comfort and pleasure only in the more we want, not in what we have, we are making a sorry, silly business of living.

to see, 'on that bright, Saturday afternoon.

There are people in this affluent society who, not by choice or through their own fault, are so lacking in what we now consider the barest material necessities for comfort or pleasure, that in wanting more, it is justly because they have too little. But, these are the minority.

The great majority of those who discontentedly want more of those things, who think they have too little to make a good life possible, might be greatly surprised and find themselves rich in possessions, if they compared what they have with the countless thousands who have little or nothing to call their own. Instead of comparing the little they have with the more and better of the Jones's, as they habitually do, they would realise that to a greater part of the world's population *they* are the Jones's.

We seem to have fallen into a sad trap in our consumer society. Our world seems to have become one big shop window, and a lot of men, women and children who stand with their noses pressed against it see things they have not got and which, in not having, makes them feel deprived. And in our present difficult and inflationary times, such people can be in a bad way—almost permanently gloomy and resentful.

I know some such people and, when we meet, their conversation is much the same as that of the two men I heard in the queue, and their circumstances much the same. Because the buying has to stop, or be curtailed for a while, they see what they have regarded as "little or nothing" to show for the work they do, as even less. And their hope of happiness has always been pinned to the thing they hoped to get next; their happiness is always on the other

An enchanting bedroom suite scaled down in perfect proportions for a doll up to 14 ins. tall. The wardrobe, bed, dressing table and stool can be made from offcuts of wood and scraps of fabric as an ideal present for a little girl

Suite dreams for dolly



DOLLY'S BEDROOM SUITE has been designed specially by our Handyman so that it is well within the scope of any handyman in your family. The furniture is ideally suited to a 10, 12 or 14-inch doll—and it's large enough for a child to enjoy playing with.

The wardrobe, with shelving one side and hanging space for dolly's clothes on the other, measures $19\frac{1}{2}$ ins. high and $11\frac{1}{2}$ ins. wide. The dressing table is $12\frac{1}{2}$ ins. high



and 11½ ins. wide and has a fully working drawer and a stool that slides neatly underneath. The bed is 16½ ins. long by 9 ins. wide. We added a valance, duvet and pillow to complete the set.

GENERAL NOTES

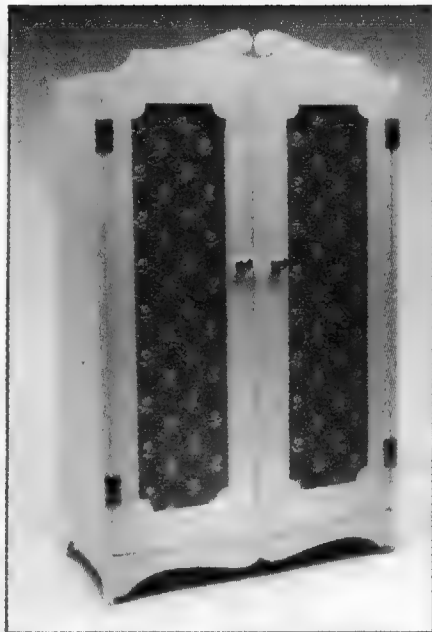
Use a fine tenon saw to cut the pieces to size and a fretsaw for the shaped edges. Where shaped edges are required, one half

of the shaping has been enclosed within ¼-in. squares on the diagrams. To make templates and reproduce the shaping to the actual size, mark ¼-in. squares on thin card, then draw in the shaping following the diagram square by square. Cut the template to shape. Mark a centre line on the plywood to be shaped and place the template down with the centre against the marked line. Draw round the shaped edge,

turn the template over and use in the same way to complete the shaping.

The pieces are mainly joined together with glue and panel pins unless otherwise stated. You will find it helpful to mark pencil guide lines on the reverse side of pieces to be joined so the pins are accurately located before knocking them in.

For measurements not shown on diagrams, see 'Materials Required' overleaf.



Suite dreams for dolly

WARDROBE

From $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. thick plywood, prepare the wardrobe sides, top, base, partition and shelves to size (diagram 1 right). Cut the shaping along lower edges of side pieces.

Glue and pin the shelves to the partition, spacing them equally apart, fix the partition between the base and the top shelf, then add the sides followed by the top. Ensure that the back edges of all pieces are flush and that the front edges of the top and the top shelf are set back $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from the front edges of the wardrobe sides to provide clearance for the doors. Prepare the plinth to size from $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. plywood and cut to shape. Glue and pin it in place under the base and between the wardrobe sides.

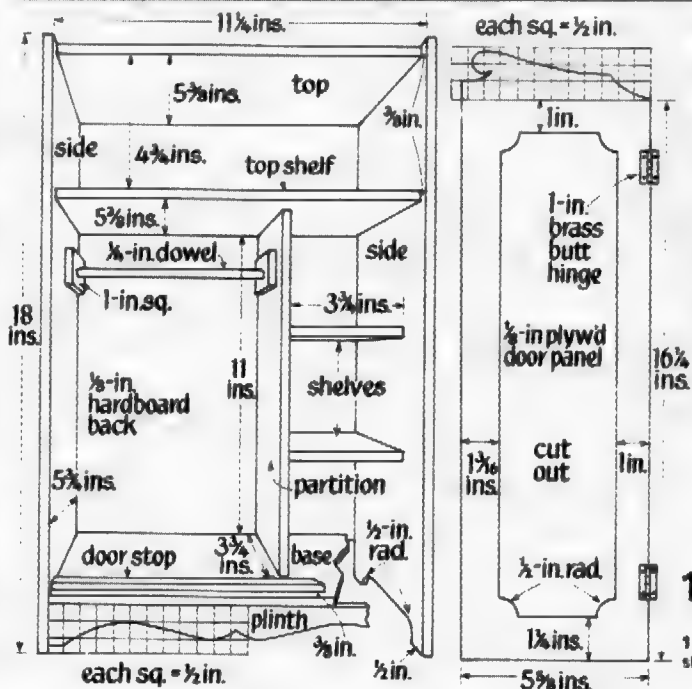
From $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. plywood, prepare two pieces, 1 in. sq. and drill a $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. dia. hole through the centre of each. Cut a length of dowel to fit between the partition and the robe side, for the hanging rail. Insert each end of the rail into a hole drilled in a plywood square then stick the squares in place so that the rail is $1\frac{1}{2}$ ins. below the top shelf and centred on the depth of the wardrobe. Stick door stop in place on base.

For the doors, first prepare two door panels to size from $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. plywood and mark the cut-out and shaping on each (diagram 1). Remove the cut-out from each panel, smooth with glasspaper then paint the edges of each cut-out and allow to dry.

From $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. plywood cut two doors similar in size to the panels. Cut fabric to size about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. larger all round than the cut-outs on the panels. Stick fabric on the face of each door then fix a panel over each door with edges of both flush. Leave until glue is dry then cut the top edge of each door to shape.

From $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. plywood cut a strip $16\frac{1}{2}$ ins. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Stick it along the left hand edge of the right hand door so that it overhangs the left hand door by $\frac{1}{8}$ in. Hang the doors with hinges fixed to the face of each door (diagram 1) and the front edges of the wardrobe sides.

Cut the back to size from $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. hardboard and fix in place.



1. Wardrobe with doors removed to show the interior.

MATERIALS REQUIRED

L Length (inches)
W Width (inches)
T Thickness (inches)

WARDROBE

Plywood	L	W	T
Sides—2 pieces	18	52	$\frac{1}{2}$
Base—1 piece	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	52	$\frac{1}{2}$
Top—1 piece	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	52	$\frac{1}{2}$
Top shelf—1 piece	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	52	$\frac{1}{2}$
Partition—1 piece	11	32	$\frac{1}{2}$
Small shelves—2 pieces	32	32	$\frac{1}{2}$
Plinth—1 piece	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	$\frac{1}{2}$
Doors—2 pieces	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	52	$\frac{1}{2}$
Door panels—2 pieces	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	52	$\frac{1}{2}$
Door closing strip—1 piece	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Hanging rail blocks—2 pieces	1	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
Door stop—1 piece	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	$\frac{1}{2}$

Hardboard

Wardrobe back—1 piece	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
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Hardwood dowel

Hanging rail—1 piece	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. dia.		
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Hardware

Two pairs of 1-in. brass butt hinges with $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. screws;
two small knobs for doors

BED

Plywood

Headboard panel—1 piece	9	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Footboard panel—1 piece	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Bed base—1 piece	15	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Base sides—2 pieces	15	1	$\frac{1}{2}$

Prepared hardwood

Headboard posts—2 pieces	9	2	$\frac{1}{2}$
Footboard posts—2 pieces	6	2	$\frac{1}{2}$
Panel supports—2 pieces	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	$\frac{1}{2}$
Panel supports—2 pieces	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	$\frac{1}{2}$
Base bars—2 pieces	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	$\frac{1}{2}$

Hardware

Four $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. dia. wooden balls or beads; four each
 $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. and $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. No. 6 countersunk screws

DRESSING TABLE

Plywood

Table front—1 piece	11	7	$\frac{1}{2}$
Table back—1 piece	11	7	$\frac{1}{2}$
Table sides—2 pieces	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Table top—1 piece	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Drawer front—1 piece	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Drawer back—1 piece	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Drawer sides—2 pieces	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Drawer base—1 piece	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Drawer facing—1 piece	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Mirror back—1 piece	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	$\frac{1}{2}$
Mirror supports—2 pieces	6	2	$\frac{1}{2}$

Prepared hardwood

Drawer bearers—2 pieces	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Drawer bearers—4 pieces	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Drawer bearers—2 pieces	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Quadrant moulding—1 piece	24	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$

Hardware

Two small knobs for drawer; a piece of aluminium
foil 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. by 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. for mirror; four $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. No. 4
countersunk screws.

DRESSING STOOL

Plywood

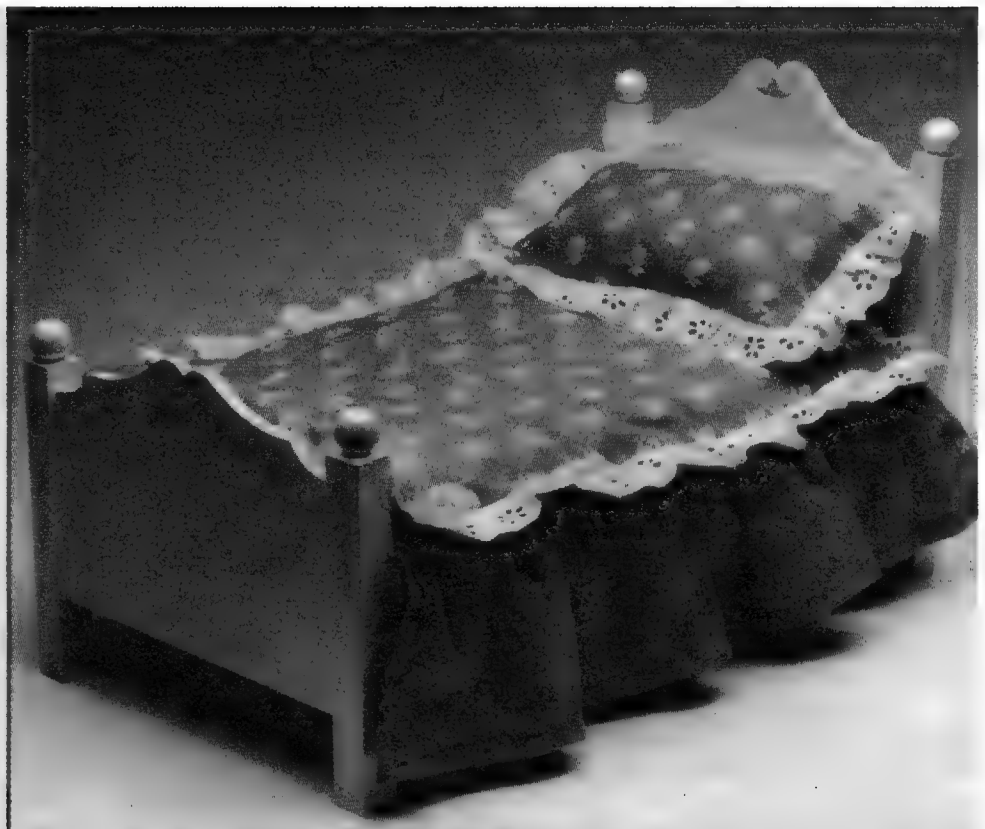
Sides—2 pieces	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	22	$\frac{1}{2}$
Ends—2 pieces	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Top—1 piece	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$

Soft furnishings

$\frac{1}{2}$ -in. thick plastic foam for mattress and stool;
Terylene wadding for pillow and duvet; braid for
stool; scraps of fabric for bed clothes and door panels.

Other materials

Clear household adhesive; $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. and $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. panel pins;
wood stopping; medium grade glasspaper; paint.



BED

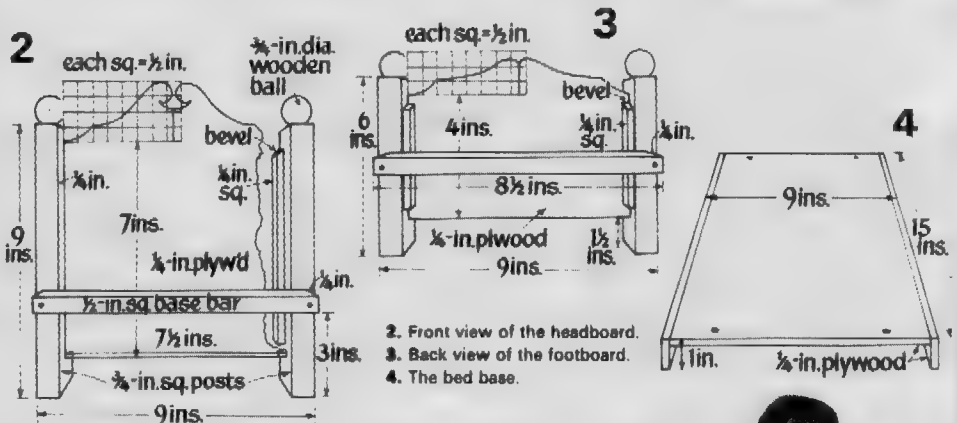
Prepare the posts and panels to size (dia-
grams 2 and 3 below) and cut shaping
along the top edge of each panel. Fix each
panel between its respective posts, against
 $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. hardwood supports, as shown in the
diagrams. Stick the supports in place first
and allow the glue to set before sticking
the panels in place. Cut two base bars to
length and fix one to each pair of posts,
using one $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. No. 6 screw for each join.
Note: the ends of each bar are set back

$\frac{1}{4}$ -in. from the outside edges of the posts
to provide clearance for the base sides
(diagrams 2 & 3).

Rub each wooden ball on glasspaper
held down on a level surface, to form a
small flat area, then stick a ball to the top
of each bed post.

Make up the bed base as shown in dia-
gram 4. Place the base over the base bars
on the bed ends and secure it with $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.
No. 6 screws inserted through holes drilled
in the base.

Continued overleaf



DOLLY'S CLOTHES

The proud owner of this bedroom suite is a pretty 11-in. doll.
Next week we are giving full instructions for making a
mix-and-match selection of knitted clothes for her including
a long and short skirt, dungarees and jumpers to co-ordinate,
plus details of where to buy the doll.



Your family need more than
love and warmth to see them
through the cold season.

A color photograph of a family scene. A man in a red jacket and dark scarf stands in the background, holding a black umbrella. A woman in a red sweater and a blue and white checkered skirt is in the foreground, handing a small white packet to a young boy wearing a black cap and a dark jacket. A young girl stands behind the woman. In the bottom right corner, there is a product shot of a yellow box and a white container of Maliborange tablets. The box and container both feature the brand name 'Maliborange' and an image of a red tablet. The box also has the text 'Two daily vitamins A & D and 100% Vitamin C' and 'Tasty Black'. The container is tipped over, spilling several red, oval-shaped tablets. The background shows a window with a view of a snowy outdoor scene and a small house on a shelf.

Give them Haliborange 'sunshine' every morning

There's a whole lot more to Haliborange Tablets than that super orange taste that children love so much.



Did you know, for example, that even a single Haliborange ensures that a child receives as much Vitamin A as 2½ pints of full cream milk...as much Vitamin C as half a juicy orange...plus Vitamin D, often known as the sunshine vitamin.

So vital in the cold season

These, of course, are the essential vitamins that are recognised as being even more vital to us during the cold season.

Hardly surprising then that mothers have been buying Haliborange Tablets for their families, winter after winter, for a great many years.



Less than 1p a day

Even today, Haliborange Tablets aren't expensive, working out at less than 1p a day. The 30 box is 26p, or you can save on both the 'family size' 100 at 68p or the 200 pack at £1.16½.

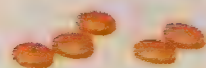
So put them on your shopping list today. But, remember, you can buy Haliborange Tablets only at a chemist.

That's how good they are.

Haliborange

TABLETS

Your family's winter sunshine



Haliborange is a Trade Mark of Allen & Hanburys Ltd. London E2 6LA

Suite dreams for dolly

Continued



DRESSING TABLE

Using ½-in. plywood, prepare the table front, back and two sides to size (diagram 5).

Mark the drawer opening and shaping on the table front, remove the opening and cut to shape. Make the table back in the same way but omit the drawer opening and the horizontal shaping (diagram 5), joining the straight lines at the top of each leg across the width. Glue and pin the table sides between the front and back with the top edges and corners flush.

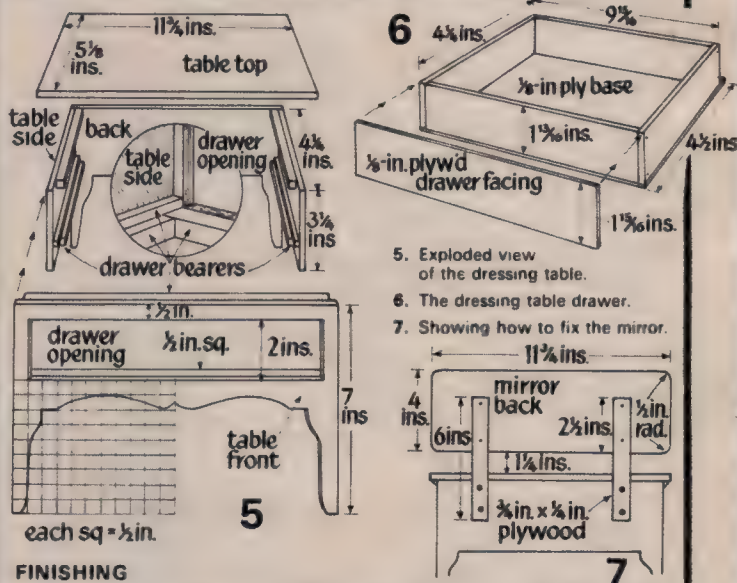
For the drawer bearers, first cut two pieces of ½-in. sq. hardwood to fit between the table sides. Stick both pieces to the back of the table front, one piece flush with the top edge, and the other piece flush with the lower edge of the drawer opening. Cut four more pieces to length to fit between these bearers and the table back. Stick one piece to each table side, flush with the top edge. Also stick one piece to each table side with the top edge flush with the lower bearer on the table front. To complete the bearers stick a length of ½-in. square hardwood against each table side and on top of each lower bearer (inset diagram 5). Prepare the table top to size and fix it in place on the table frame with the back edges flush but overhanging the ends and front by ½ in. Stick quadrant (quarter round) moulding below the overhang, mitring the lengths where they meet at the front corners.

To make the drawer, first prepare the four sides and the base to size. Glue and pin the sides together then add the base. Stick a facing piece to the front to cover the drawer joins (diagram 6). Test in the drawer opening then trim away the back edge of the drawer base until the drawer closes flush with the table frame.

From ½-in. plywood prepare the mirror back and two supports to size (diagram 7). Glue and pin the supports to the mirror back then fix the supports to the back of the dressing table using two screws for each support.

STOOL

This is made in the same way as the dressing table, using pieces as detailed in the 'Materials Required' list. For the shaping of the stool sides, follow the shaping given in diagram 5 but reduce the squares to ½-in. Stick the pieces together without pins.



FINISHING

Recess the pin heads with a pin punch and fill holes with wood stopping or a cellulose plaster filler. Allow to dry then rub down flush with glasspaper.

Apply wood primer, or emulsion paint thinned with water. Smooth with glasspaper when dry and apply one or two coats of gloss paint.

Cut the aluminium foil to size, round over the corners and stick it in place on the mirror backing, using clear adhesive.

Finally add the knobs on the wardrobe doors and dressing table drawer. Stick a piece of foam to the top of the stool and cover it with fabric then make the bedclothes.

All About Roses

JOY SIMMONS considers the long and the short of Britain's favourite flower

THE ROSE was almost disdained by our Victorian ancestors, who regarded rose bushes as plants only for the shrubbery. The great change which has come about in the last hundred years is due to the excellent work of the plant breeders, who have given us many new varieties in delightful colours.

Even the smallest garden can include a few of these beauties. For instance, in a small paved garden, you may find miniature roses most suitable. Lovely little things, perfect scaled-down replicas of their bigger relations, they can be grown in tubs or window boxes, as edging plants or laid out as a miniature garden. Varieties you might like to try are Wee Man (crimson-scarlet), Rosina (yellow), Little Buckaroo (bright red, semi-double), Little Lady (blush), Little Flirt (pink and yellow), and the deep crimson polyanthus type Eblouissant. All these varieties grow 12-15 inches high and require hardly any pruning.

Where space is very limited, climbing roses trained against a wall can sometimes be the answer, while shrub roses can replace more ordinary boundary hedging.

Many of the climbing roses flower throughout the summer and autumn. The same is true of some of the shrub roses, the hybrid musks being especially good for hedging. The fragrant musk Ballerina, with huge clusters of tiny single apple-blossom pink flowers with white eye, makes a delightful hedge 4 feet high, if the bushes are planted 18 inches apart. It needs only the thinning out of old wood and tying in of vigorous new growth.

Other rose varieties that can be recommended for hedging are Queen Elizabeth (pink), Meg Merrilees (crimson), Bonn (orange-scarlet), Chinatown (bright yellow) and Blanc Double de Coubert (pure white).

Recurrent flowering climbers include Danse du Feu (orange-scarlet), Dreaming Spires (yellow), New Dawn (soft pink) and Handel (ivory and carmine pink).

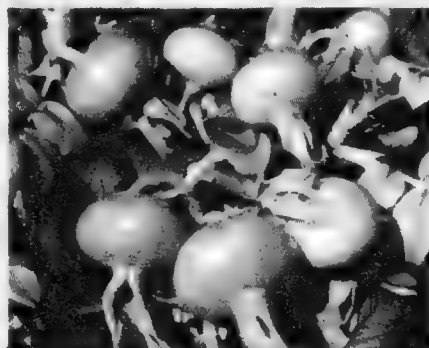
Most people with an average-sized garden will want a bed of hybrid tea or floribunda bush roses. The "H.T." rose is the popular shapely double type (don't miss our Special

Offer of six splendid varieties on pages 28 and 29 this week). The floribundas, which bear flowers in clusters, are more informal but just as good for bedding.

If you're planning a bed of H.T.s in different colours, choose varieties of similar height. The following varieties (mostly fragrant) grow roughly 2½-3 feet: Fragrant Cloud (coral-red), Ernest H. Morse (turkey red), Alec's Red (cherry-red), Wendy Cussons (damask rose-red), Silver Lining (pale Bengal rose), Prima Ballerina (rich pink), Lady Sylvia (pink), Mischief (coral-salmon), Pascali (white), Blue Moon (silvery lilac), Diorama (apricot-yellow), King's Ransom (bright yellow), Northern Lights (creamy yellow).

The floribundas bloom more continuously than the H.T.s but, in general, are not so sweetly scented. Among the best of the short-growing bedders (1½-2 feet) are the canary yellow variety Kim, soft peach-pink Dreamland, brilliant crimson-scarlet Marlena, salmon-pink Tip Top, the orange and golden bicolor Golden Slippers and vermillion Meteor.

Excellent taller-growing varieties of floribunda (2½-3 feet) are Orangeade (glowing orange), Honeymoon (canary yellow), Elizabeth of Glamis (deep salmon, fragrant),



Frau Dagmar Mastrup is a shrub rose grown specially for the large, decorative hips which follow its single pink flowers. Ornamental on the bush, hips can bring colour to the flower arranger's autumn displays and may also be gathered in October for making rose hip syrup.

Dandy Dick (clear pink), Anne Cocker (vermillion), Manx Queen (gold flushed bronze-red) and Sweet Repose (gold and pink, fragrant).

Standard roses, usually budded on stems 3½ feet high, can be very effective in breaking up the levels in a flat garden. The varieties Blessings (H.T.) with its beautiful coral-pink flowers, the white floribunda Iceberg and the deep yellow, strongly scented Arthur Bell (floribunda) are especially lovely.

WEeping BEAUTIES

Don't overlook the weeping standards ("Umbrella roses"), which are grown on stems 5-6 feet high, mostly in circular beds as specimens in a lawn. Emily Gray with semi-double golden yellow flowers and the crimson Rambler Excelsa are beauties.

Roses can be planted from November to March—throughout the summer, too, in the case of container grown bushes.

The ground should be dug 18 inches deep, working in plenty of well rotted manure, spent hops, compost, 6-X or Stimgro, and adding a rose fertiliser such as Toprose to the topsoil. It is essential to keep the topsoil in its original position. On light soil, rotted turf and sphagnum peat will help in retaining moisture. The same materials can be used to break up clay soil.

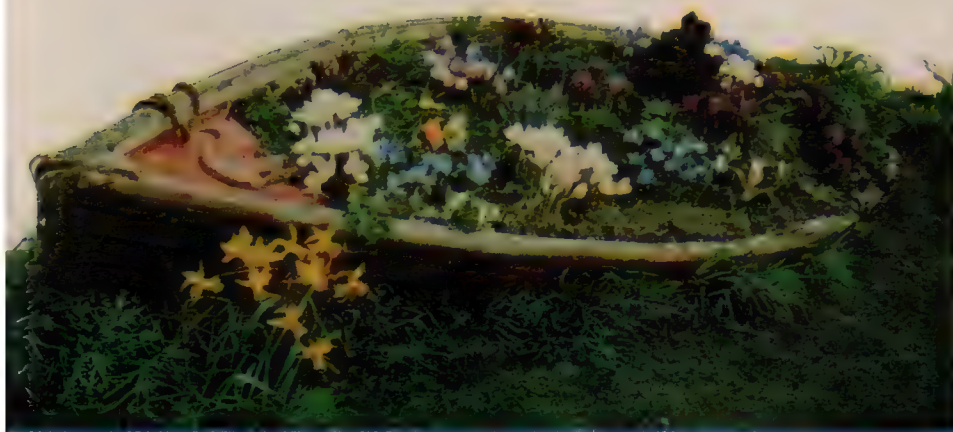
When you plant, use a planting mixture of moist peat and bonemeal (a double handful of bonemeal to a bucket of peat), placing a little under and over the evenly spread roots. Replace the soil after covering the roots, treading firm as you go. The union of the stock (where the stem meets the roots) should be 1 inch below surface.

Stout stakes should be driven in beside standard roses before filling in the hole.

Plant hybrid tea and floribunda roses 1½-2 feet apart; shrub roses 3-6 feet apart; standards 3½-4½ feet apart; weeping standards 6 feet apart; climbers 6-8 feet apart; and miniatures 12 inches apart.

Properly packed roses will keep perfectly well in a cool, frostproof shed for several weeks, if necessary. If planting is delayed after a month, they will come to no harm if heeled in in a trench, covering the roots and lower stem with soil before treading firm.

A testimonial for Dutch bulbs from somebody without green fingers.



Last autumn I was asked to spend a couple of days in Amsterdam and then write about Dutch bulbs.

I didn't mind the first bit, but not being much of a gardener I was a bit worried about the second.

'Why me?' I protested.

'We want to prove that even an idiot can grow Dutch bulbs.'

So I packed my bags and prepared for the worst.

My host was a Dutchman with the unlikely name of Charley, he told me a bit about Dutch bulbs.

How they were introduced over 400 years ago.

How they come in hundreds of varieties.

How the season lasts from late February to early June.

And how every batch leaves Holland with a certificate of health.

'But the best way to find out more is with a practical demonstration' said Charley.

He arranged to meet me the next day.

He turned up with a spade, a fork, a trowel. And a rowing boat.

You may wonder, as I did, why the rowing boat.

'You are going to bury it' came the reply.

A couple of hours and a few

blisters later the boat was in the ground.

'What now Charley?'

'You are going to plant some bulbs in it.'

As I said before, my gardening hadn't really got past the mustard and cress stage.

But after an hour I'd planted endless varieties, and I thought I'd finished.

Then Charley produced a Dutch wall and eighteen railway sleepers.

Plus a lot more Dutch bulbs. All of which I'd planted by the end of the day.

All we had to do now was wait for spring.

After another evening of finding out about Dutch bulbs (and Dutch gin) I caught a plane home.

Six months later I got a phone call from Amsterdam from Charley.

'Come and see what you did' he said.

I was expecting a disaster.

But when I saw what I'd done, I couldn't believe my eyes.

The boat, sleepers etc. had all been turned into beautiful garden displays.

Even more amazing was the fact that I, without any gardening experience, had grown them.

And if I can do it, believe me anyone can do it.

Dutch Bulbs.



HOSPITAL OF THE ISLANDS

Continued from page 36

silence was companionable, soothing, and I didn't hurry to break it. It was so restful just sitting, staring at nothing in particular, thinking over all I had learnt about him and what a quietly delightful outing this was proving.

The combination of fresh air, exercise, food and the relaxed atmosphere made me very drowsy, but I didn't expect to sleep because, despite my rug cushion, the hill was rough and hard. I had no idea I had drifted off until I surfaced slowly, feeling rested and comfortable, and discovered why. I had slept for over an hour against Magnus's shoulder, and his right arm was

round me, protecting me from the hill.

He smiled. "You've had a fine nap."

"I'm so sorry—"

"Och, why? I'm delighted you felt able to relax, having felt myself unwinding for the first time in weeks."

"I'm so glad," I smiled shyly. "Thanks for your shoulder."

In answer he kissed my lips as gently as Rod Harding, and yet there was a difference. Then he raised his head and looked at me with an expression I had never seen before in his eyes; it was a strangely disturbing mixture of wariness and vulnerability. I knew he was going to kiss me again, and that time he kissed me properly and so wonderfully that I had to close my eyes to guard my unexpected reaction.

He drew away, removed his arm, and said in a quiet, slightly breathless voice, "Now open your eyes and look at that view I promised you."

I was disconcertingly grateful for the excuse to gasp at that new wonder. The rain could not long have stopped, and the sun was just breaking through. The rays transformed the heather everywhere to glistening purple, the peat hills far below to topaz, the white sand edging the coast to silver. A great rainbow arched across the rainwashed sky, and every hill, every loch, spread for untold miles around the foot of our hill, looked close enough to touch. Even the rollers of the giant Atlantic beyond, seemed to dance in sunshine.

Speechless, I stood up stiffly and walked to the edge of the cave.

"Careful." Magnus put a hand on my shoulder. "Slip, and you mayn't recover balance for hundreds of feet. Time, I think now, for that prehistory lesson we talked about."

WE SPENT hours going over the ruins. He explained a lot, and it was all very interesting even if I only took in half he said. I was too shattered by the effect his second kiss had had on me to think clearly.

Nothing marred the afternoon, nor our drive back to Thessa, but we were nearly as silent as on the drive out. Once more the quality of our silence had altered. Now it was neither strained nor companionable, but held a new note I was not sure I wanted to hear, and sensed he felt as I did. When we reached the Home, I was relieved he did not suggest prolonging our day to include dinner. Just as with Rod Harding, Magnus and I were only passing strangers. This had been one of those unexpected golden days loaned from eternity—and it was time to say goodbye.

He saw me to my front hall. "I've enjoyed your company so much. Thank you for coming. Goodbye just now."

I said much the same, but, of course, it wasn't only for "just now". This was my only free Sunday left on Thessa. Sunday was his only free day. In two weeks' time I was due to return to London, and Magnus to his permanent job in a hospital five hundred miles from Martha's.

I took a long time getting to sleep that night, and the maroons woke me at six a.m. I leapt to my window but saw nothing to explain why the lifeboat had been called out. The morning sky was shot with pink, and the rising sun laid a broad crimson path over the silky grey Sound.

The early morning air was as sweet and tangy as the air by that little loch yesterday, and the whole world was, literally, rose-coloured. I blinked dreamily, thinking of yesterday, until a glimpse of blue and orange racing towards the lighthouse marking the northern entrance to Thessa Sound jolted me back to today. Most of the lifeboat's crew were married men with families; all had other fulltime jobs. The lifeboat, *Harriet Ryan*, was not going out at this hour of a Monday morning for a practice run. Somewhere at sea, or on one of the other islands, someone needed help.

I met Mrs. Ferguson, the coxswain's wife, on her way to Haralda Ward when I was going up to Olaf Ward. "Just a routine call, dear. A Norwegian ship radioed for help as a crewman has what's almost certainly acute appendicitis."

"Far out?"

"Seventy sea miles. The ship's altering
Continued overleaf



Some things are worth finding time for...

She always looks when she passes the noticeboard—because despite her busy life there's still time to feel just the tiniest bit homesick.

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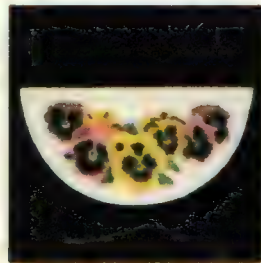
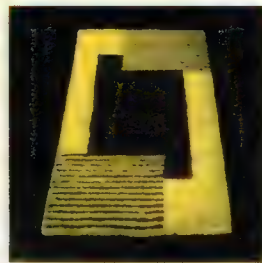
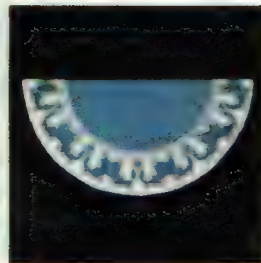
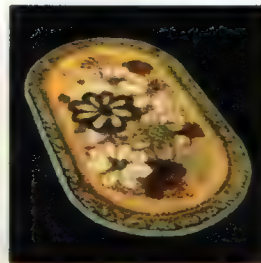
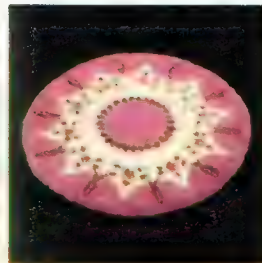
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HOSPITAL OF THE ISLANDS

Continued

course to meet the Harriet Ryan, so it shouldn't be long before they are back."

"Did they take one of our doctors?"

"Not this time, as the Norwegian is carrying an experienced first-aid worker, and three of the Harriet Ryan's crew have first-aid certificates."

Sister Olaf was already on-duty and, as ever, ahead of me with all news. "When this lad from the Norwegian Nina Christina reaches us, he can go into the empty bed beside young Terry." She went on to report all that had happened in Olaf in my absence.

Three more emergencies came in: a scooter rider with a fractured right tibia and fibula; a lorry driver with crushed ribs; a bricklayer's mate with a fractured skull. All needed immediate operations.

I was in charge that evening and writing the full day report when Alan Donald limped into the day office and flopped down on to a chair. "After ten hours and fifteen minutes under those theatre lights, I'm a wreck of my former self. How's the family?"

"Doing nicely, thanks, and all the post-ops. are safely round from their anaesthetics. I'm sorry theatre's been so tough."

"At least all went well down there, too—and in the few breaks between ops." He yawned. "I don't know how you've managed it, Charlotte, but by helping my boss blow away the cobwebs yesterday, you've spread sweetness and light throughout the Theatre Department!"

"Oh?" Intentionally I was off-hand, though I was intrigued.

Continued overleaf

Your letters to Matron

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HARD TO BREATHE

I am trying to breast feed my baby, but he tends to get very frustrated and lets go of the nipple soon after he has started feeding. What do you think would be the cause of this?

The most likely cause is that baby cannot breathe comfortably while he is at the breast, so he lets go in order to get some air—being too young to realise that by so doing he is depriving himself of food, and so he becomes upset and frustrated! Two things could be to blame for preventing him from breathing while he is sucking. One is a blocked-up nose, due to an extra amount of mucus in the nasal passages (a thing to see the doctor about). The other is a mother unwittingly blocking her baby's nose with her breast, so making it hard for him to breathe. Try pressing against the breast from which baby is feeding with a finger of your free hand to keep the flesh well away from his nostrils. This could make all the difference.

CARE WITH THERMOMETER

When my four-year-old daughter is in bed with a bad cold, how long should I wait, after she has had a hot drink, before taking her temperature?



Cosy for cool days, this machine washable knitted Orion two-piece suit, complete with feet, is smartly striped with orange and white on brown. Fits babies weight 18 lb. and costs £2.15 from branches of Mothercare.

Fifteen minutes, at least. In my opinion, though, a child of four is much too young to have a thermometer in his or her mouth. I have known cases when this has been accidentally bitten and the broken glass swallowed. It is much wiser to take a young child's temperature in the fold of the groin or under the arm close into the armpit. In either case, wipe the skin dry of any perspiration with a tissue immediately beforehand.

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HOSPITAL OF THE ISLANDS Continued

"Oh, yes! All weekend Sister Frasier was in a dour mood, and by Saturday evening, from the look in my boss's eyes, one word out of place and he'd raise the clans. Today, sunshine abounds between them. Had I the energy, I'd take the hat round for their wedding present right now. Have you work for me?"

"Sorry, yes. This stack of notes for you to write up."

"Let's have 'em." He ruffled his curly head. "Before I start, how'd you enjoy yesterday?"

"Very much, thanks." I put down my pen and stood up. "I must do another

blood-pressure and pulse round of our post-ops. Mind if I leave you to it?"

"No—hold it—how old's that Norwegian laddie Johannes Whatsit?"

"Johannes Olsen? Twenty."

Alan groaned. He was my age. "Can you remember what it felt like to be young, Charlotte?"

I smiled, because no other answer was required, and for a brief moment I thought how glad I was that I had accepted the fact that yesterday had been a day to look back on with pleasure, without ever expecting the pleasure to be repeated.

JOHANNES OLSEN was a huge, blond, very cheerful patient, and by the following day had made great

friends with little Andrew. When I helped him out of bed during the afternoon, he asked to sit between Andrew and the front window. "I talk with my friend and watch the ships. Oh, ho! You see—lying there with the Norwegian flag? That is my ship! My *Nina Christina* come to see me!"

"That's great, Johannes, but careful! Remember your row of clips." To the ward's amusement — he was taller than Magnus — I guided him into the armchair and tucked a rug over his knees. "Take it quietly — it is your first day."

"I be good boy! Such a good boy that when I have no more clips the pretty little nurse comes dancing with me, yes?"

"When you've no more clips, lad," said Sister behind me, "you'll be off home to Bergen to dance. A word in my office when you've done, Staff."

Two minutes later she handed me the thick file of notes on her desk. "Sit down and read our Mrs. Annie Laurens' medical history. She's on her way in now. Bed 7 for her, up the women's end, and theatre as soon as she gets here. She'll need a continuous transfusion. I've checked with the pathologist. We've twelve pints of her group in our blood bank, but we'll need more, so he's contacting the local donors. Not," she added, "that more than the one in her group will need calling. The others'll hear and bring themselves up. They all know their own blood groups, and as soon as one donor gets a call from the hospital, word gets passed on from one to the other."

"Just like that, Sister?"

"Aye. Thessa is their island, this is their hospital. We try and look after them. They look after us." She looked over my head, and stood up. "Were you wanting me, Captain?"

The tallish, spruce, grey-haired man in a navy uniform bowed and offered his hand. "If you please, Sister. Arne Harlson, Master of the *Nina Christina* here to see my sick crewman Johannes Olsen." Then he saw me and stared, as I had been staring at him. "Is not possible! Is possible?" To Sister's astonishment he advanced and took my hands as I got unsteadily to my feet. "It is my little English lady from the sea. Miss Charlotte Anthony, no? You now work here?" He clasped my hands so kindly. "You are well, I think? I am most happy! And also well are the good young Mr. and Mrs. Drummond in Australia, and the small boy, Billy. I have in my cabin on my *Nina Christina* the photograph they send me with the letter from Sydney. Maybe one day I sail to Australia and we meet again. But the good Sister does not understand." He turned apologetically. "The little Miss Charlotte Anthony is my old friend, forgive us."

My mouth was dry. "Sister, I should explain once Captain Harlson and his crew on—on another ship—saved the lives of three of my friends and myself."

"Oh, aye?" She looked from me to him. "When was this, Captain?"

"The English Channel, more than two years ago. One night in a force ten gale. On my last ship before *Nina Christina*. But it was not only my crew that saved lives from the sea that night, Sister. I tell you something—for many hours this little friend I find here held in her arms and kept singing and talking to the small boy, Billy Drummond. Nine years of age. Eleven now. I also have sons. You have a son, Sister?"

Continued overleaf



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MARGOT LANG'S SHOPPING GUIDE ☆ ☆

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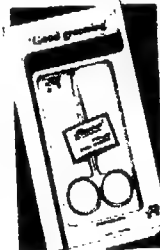
You can make big savings on hand and machine Knitting Wools and Scottish Tweed skirt lengths at Knitting Wools (Bradford) Ltd. They have a really colourful range of 100% Pure New Wool, Superwash Wool, Tricel, Shetland, Mohair, Random Dyed, Courtelle and Aran yarns, and will send you shade samples, plus details of the Scottish Tweed skirt lengths and their "made-to-measure" service on receipt of 15p in stamps or P.O., which is deductible from your first order. Write now to Knitting Wools (Bradford) Ltd., Dept. M.L., 1, Cater St., Bradford BD1 5AS.



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Do you hide your hands because you're ashamed of them? You don't have to spend money on an expensive manicure treatment to make them beautiful, but a little time once a fortnight, using the correct "tools" will soon improve their appearance. Use a good handcream nightly, and invest in a few items from the Rocket "Good Grooming" range of manicure aids. Rocket are renowned for their skill in producing high quality surgical instruments and now their nail scissors (straight or curved), cuticle scissors, emery boards, nail files and eyebrow tweezers are generally available, on sale at branches of Boots. They also make nurse's scissors. Their prices very competitive. For instance the nail scissors are only 69p.



With the high cost of shoes today, care needs to be taken, so that they retain their "new" look for a long time. This is where Tuxan Renovating Polish comes in. Tuxan Renovating Polish is available in a range of colours, to match up with most women's fashion shoes and children's shoes. It contains tanners' dye to restore the colour, and successfully covers up scuff and scratch marks—particularly useful for children's shoes since they delight in kicking stones, climbing walls and using their shoes instead of their bicycle brakes. Tuxan costs about 19p a tin and is available at shoe shops, shoe repairers and hardware stores. Tuxan will make your shoes last longer, too, because it nourishes the leather and helps to keep it waterproof.



Maybe you didn't get GCE at school, and you know that it is holding you back now. Qualifications like this are the key to many good job opportunities. It's not too late to try for it. You can take a home study course in almost any subject with Aldermaston College. With 10,000 successes they're confident that they can help almost anyone to pass. So confident in fact that their GCE courses are offered on a "no pass, no fee" guarantee basis. There are over 50 GCE subjects to choose from—detailed in their free booklet "Guide to GCE"—plus a lot of helpful advice. You can get a copy by writing to Aldermaston College, Dept. GWL 01, Reading RG7 4PF. And autumn is the ideal time to start off on your particular course to a better future.



Buy a silver-finished carton of Racasan Fleur Air Freshener and your home will smell fresh and fragrant for weeks and weeks. Fleur Air Freshener is available in three perfumes—Spring Flowers, Blue Lavender and a new perfume, Wild Blossom. They have been developed after a great deal of research and provide constant fragrance without being overpowering. Ideally the air freshener should be placed in an air current but you can give it a gentle shake from time to time to increase its efficiency. You can buy Racasan Fleur Air Freshener for about 24p at supermarkets, hardware stores and chemists. Small price for weeks of fragrance.



Look out for Wade English porcelain Whimsies, Nursery Favourites, Tom and Jerry and general giftware. You'll find these delightfully detailed and coloured figures in newsagents, toy shops, gift and china shops and branches of Boots and Finlays. They make ideal presents at any time of the year, and cost from as little as 10p each. Many little girls— and big ones too—like collecting them. You can buy them separately or in sets. The animals and personalities are beautifully modelled and in the giftware collection you'll find charming ashtrays and dishes. When you've looked at the range, you'll probably want to start collecting them yourself.



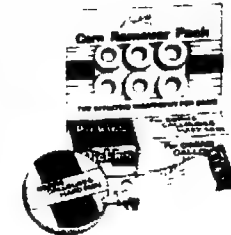
There can be various causes for constipation—late nights, lack of exercise, illness, a change of routine or the wrong sort of food. Whatever the cause, you can trust Ex-Lax to put matters right gently and efficiently. Ex-Lax works overnight, without causing any pain or embarrassing urgency. You can now buy it in three different forms—as chocolate, an unflavoured pill or as an orange flavoured instant drink. For a free sample, sent under plain cover, drop a line to: Ex-Lax Ltd. (Dept. WW.52) Argyll Avenue, Slough, Bucks SL1 4HD. Give your children the chocolate version if they need a laxative. You'll have no trouble getting them to take it.



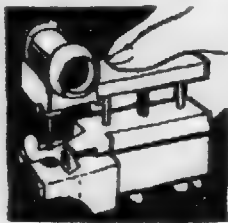
At last my mother has agreed with the rest of the family—that she is a little hard of hearing now! Definitely not deaf, but she has to strain to catch what is being said. As she doesn't need a conventional hearing aid she is going to Hidden Hearing. This is a company run by four of this country's leading hearing aid experts and they specialise in really discreet hearing help. They tell me that a small corrector, or even smaller clarifier, can give crystal clear hearing again. Hidden Hearing offer a choice of the best and most invisible devices—if you or anyone in your family is becoming a little hard of hearing why not send for a free copy of "A Simple Way to Better Hearing". Write to: Hidden Hearing (Dept. W.W. 26 10 74), 146 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.



Are your feet a pain in the neck to you? Don't go on suffering with hard skin, corns and callouses, when Pickles make a whole range of foot care products. To get rid of corns and hard skin there is a special Pickles Ointment. If you apply it daily your feet will soon be feeling a lot more comfortable. Dry, hard skin and corns will disappear, and when you've got your feet in trim you can keep them that way by using Pickles Healthy Feet Cream. These products are available from most chemists, or you can write to: J. Pickles & Son Ltd., Pickles House, Church Lane, Knarborough, Yorks. Buy Pickles Ointment and give your feet a treat.



Always on the lookout for new gadgets I came across the **Dexter Miracle Stitcher**. It's a pocket-size sewing machine which you hold in one hand—that sews, bastes, hems, zig-zags, sews on buttons and even zippers. It means you don't have to drag out your big sewing machine for smaller jobs. The **Miracle Stitcher** is really efficient. It locks the stitch, cuts the thread and takes any size spool of cotton. It has a five-year guarantee and you can buy it for £3.95 (plus 20p postage and packing). Send for free details on 7-day trial (send £4.15 no more to pay) to the **Notions Co.**, Dept. K60, Oxford House, 7-15 Oxford Street, London, W1. They will refund your money in full if not delighted.



If you think smelling salts went out with Great grandmama, you're wrong. Thousands of people have discovered that **Mackenzie's Smelling Salts** are marvellous for relieving the discomforts of catarrh—they really help to clear nasal congestion. You'll find that **Mackenzie's Smelling Salts** make you feel better when you're in a stuffy atmosphere, in a closed car or you're feeling a bit faint. One sniff and you'll soon feel well again. You can buy **Mackenzie's**



Smelling Salts at the chemist for 14p. I always carry a small bottle in my handbag, and quite a few people have been grateful that I do. It's an old-fashioned remedy but it applies in the rush of modern life. Why not get **Mackenzie's Smelling Salts** today—I'm glad I did.

During a hectic day you may feel you need a boost of energy. Whether you're a working mum, a housewife or a career girl you'll find **Glucodin** can give you that energy—fast. **Glucodin** is pure glucose with Vitamin C in powder form, easily absorbed. Sprinkle it on your cereal, or on fruit, add it to coffee or tea. If there is a sportsman in the family, get him to try it before or after training or a match. And when any member of your tribe is ill or a little off-colour, you'll find **Glucodin** will help to bring back vitality. If your child is off his food, add **Glucodin** to his drinks. I always keep a packet in the cupboard, and I even use it to ice our cakes. Most chemists sell **Glucodin**. Price 19p.



The new range of **Fleetway Annuals** is in the shops now! There are 63 great titles with a wide selection for every age group. The youngest children will love the bright colour pages of *Baby's Own* and *Toddler's Own* annuals. Four-to-seven year-olds will greatly enjoy the gay and colourful picture-stories in *Jack and Jill*, *Playhour* and similar annuals. Older boys will revel in exciting adventure annuals such as *Tiger and Valiant*, whilst their sisters will particularly appreciate the *Princess Tina* annuals. For the academic child there are several beautifully illustrated educational books including the **Look and Learn** series. So, if you're looking ahead to Christmas—buy **Fleetway Annuals**—the ideal gifts at ideal prices 00p-£1.



HOSPITAL OF THE ISLANDS

Continued

"Two lads, Captain."

I was aware of the compassion with which they both looked at me. Then the Captain said, "The remembrance is not happy, Sister. I say no more, I think. I may visit my man?"

"I'll take you, Captain. Sit down and finish reading those notes, Staff."

I obeyed, but it took all my concentration to shut out the tidal wave of memory of that black, bleak night when Captain Harrison and his crew had been so good to the Drummond family and myself. I didn't know Sister was back until she put a cup of tea at my elbow. "Drink that whilst I tell you more of Mrs. Laurens."

Never had I been so grateful for her habitual reserve, nor for the depths of sympathetic understanding beneath. She neither asked questions nor referred to that night. We were busy, and for the rest of the evening she made sure I hadn't a spare moment for private thoughts. Mrs. Laurens had returned from the theatre, and Magnus was with Sister in the office when I reported off.

"About time. You should have gone ten minutes ago. Anything more to tell me, lass? Off you go! 'Night!"

"Good night, Sister—Mr. Moray."

"'Night, Nurse Anthony." He smiled briefly and returned to the notes he was writing, and I heard their conversation returning to Mrs. Laurens' treatment as I left.

FOR THE next day or so, a steady stream of blood donors wandered unasked into the small reception hall and sat around as if waiting at a bus station—the women with shopping bags and knitting, the men reading the shipping news or sports pages in their newspapers. All said something of the same: "Seeing I'm her group, I thought I'd pop in in case you needed me for Annie Laurens. Work in Olaf, don't you, Staff Nurse? How's she doing now?"

"Picking up nicely, thanks, and very largely due to all you donors."

"Ach, Nurse," protested one middle-aged woman, "Annie is my neighbour—but then we're all neighbours in the Islands, so to speak."

Magnus was passing, but I didn't realise that he had overheard till he came into our office when Sister was off that afternoon. "Not only all neighbours, but good neighbours, Staff! No, don't move. Just a word about old Mr. Norris's operation tomorrow. He's not been told?"

Once that remark would have infuriated me as a professional slur, since he knew Sister Olaf too well to think for one moment she would have forgotten to pass on his strict instructions on this during his morning round with her. It didn't infuriate me now, because I knew he had been rushed off his feet since his rest-day.

"Of course not, Mr. Moray. Sister told me you wished to break the news to him yourself, after talking to his daughter."

"I've just done so. She was most co-operative." He frowned over the ubiquitous file in his hands. "I fear it'll be a long spell on the table for a man his age but in my opinion, this operation's the only alternative."

"He's—hoping you'll operate."

He looked straight at me with grave,

Continued overleaf

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Sit anywhere in comfort; move freely, unhampered by the pain of piles! You can with **Germoloids**. Either Suppositories or Ointment will quickly:

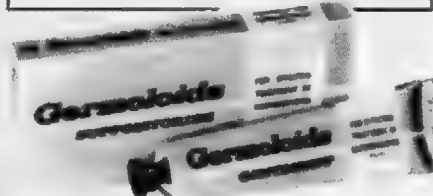
- * relieve pain
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Add a cube or two for tastier stews. Crumble one in your dumplings too.

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For cauliflower that's full of flavour, try 2 cubes in the sauce.

Onion Oxo and casseroles go together deliciously – crumble in a cube 10 minutes before serving.

Crumble a cube on top of scrambled eggs – delicious!

Serve summer salads with a touch of extra onion – crumble and mix in a cube.

Try something a little different with cheese and bacon flan. A little Onion Oxo.

These little cubes of concentrated onion are full of good ideas to brighten up all your cooking. With a little Onion Oxo, you're streets ahead.

Onion flavour in a cube.



HOSPITAL OF THE ISLANDS

Continued

troubled eyes. "So Sister said. He's confided this to you, also?"

"Yes," I said gently. His anxiety touched me personally, as well as professionally. "He never complains, but he's so anxious to be well enough to get back to his cottage down by the harbour, and to pottering round chatting to the fishermen mending their nets."

"That I can appreciate. After mending his own nets over seventy years. You knew he was fishing before the turn of this century?"

I nodded. This was the first chat Magnus had had with me in Olaf. It was the kind of thing I always enjoyed with Alan Donald, and the residents back in Martha's. I was enjoying it now, but a little too much for my own peace of mind. All week, my girl friends in the Home had more or less echoed Alan's views on the new, improved relationship between Magnus and Jenny Frasier. Somehow it really seemed I had managed to heal the breach. Though still in the dark about what had caused that, I knew how easy it was to set any hospital grapevine buzzing.

Now, I realised that the Olaf nurses were going to and fro past the open office door. I had been in the ward long enough to know that Mr. Moray was polite to all, but chatted only to Sister Olaf. If, after taking me sightseeing for one day, we were seen to be on a more friendly basis, goodness alone knew the version that could reach Jenny Frasier before the day was out. I liked Magnus too much to hurt him in that way, and if he thought me off-hand, it didn't really matter as I was leaving so soon.

"Presumably Sister has explained what I intend doing in the theatre?"

"Yes, Mr. Moray."

"Then I need delay you no longer. Thanks, Staff."

"Thank you, Mr. Moray," I said to his tall back as he was already on the way out. I smiled wryly to myself. One way, if not in others, life on duty had been much more pleasant when I detested him.

SISTER TOLD me to take Mr. Norris to the theatre. "He's got a soft spot for you, Staff. Get him ready and stay with him throughout."

Mr. Norris's slow smile lit his ancient, weathered face. "Got you for company, have I? That's nice." And as we waited, in his gentle voice he talked of his years at sea and his beloved wife Bella. "Passed on these forty years, but I mind her well. Slip of a lassie, she was, same as yourself. Aye, and she'd a smile I've seen you smile, Nurse. A smile to warm an empty hearth and an empty heart, I'd tell her, and she'd laugh and tell me: 'That's enough of your nonsense, Hal Norris!'" His faded blue eyes glowed as they looked backward. "Forty years and I still miss her. But I'm right glad I kent her, Nurse. Right glad."

I held his hand until the anaesthetic took full effect in the anaesthetic room, and helped wheel him into the smallish, superbly equipped theatre proper. Being merely a masked and gowned observer from the ward, my only job then was to stand well back from the table and watch. It was my first opportunity to see Magnus operating and the theatre staff in action.

I was so anxious for Mr. Norris, but inside of a few minutes my training told me

that he was in the hands of a first-rate surgeon, backed up by a first-rate operating team. The credit for that belonged to Jenny Frasier. I had heard on all sides of her talent for theatre work, but she was even better than I expected. From behind her instrument trolley, at Magnus's right hand, her translucent green eyes watched every move, her neat gloved hands were always ready with whatever was wanted at the right split second in the right place.

Neither Magnus, nor Alan Donald who was assisting, had to ask for a single thing. The operation was long, difficult and dangerous, but the theatre atmosphere was calm and silent, and that must have helped ease the burden on the surgeons. Watching how well she and Magnus worked together,

it was clear that whatever their personal relationship, professionally they were in total accord.

Correctly, Magnus ignored me until the operation was over and he peeled off his gloves. "I want him to have his next pint of blood at this present rate, Nurse Anthony. I'll be up to see him in Olaf before the next has run through."

Sister Frasier told me to change out of theatre clothes. "I'll watch your patient till you are ready." She smiled over her mask at Magnus. "I think you've given the nice old gentleman a new lease of life, Mr. Moray."

His weary eyes returned her smile. "I'll express my views on that in about five days'

Continued overleaf

on the spot relief from rheumatic-type pain

Where does the pain come from?

Often not where you feel it. Rheumatic-type pain can start from 'trigger spots'—nagging little knots of irritated muscle and tissue that are often some distance from where the pain itself is greatest.

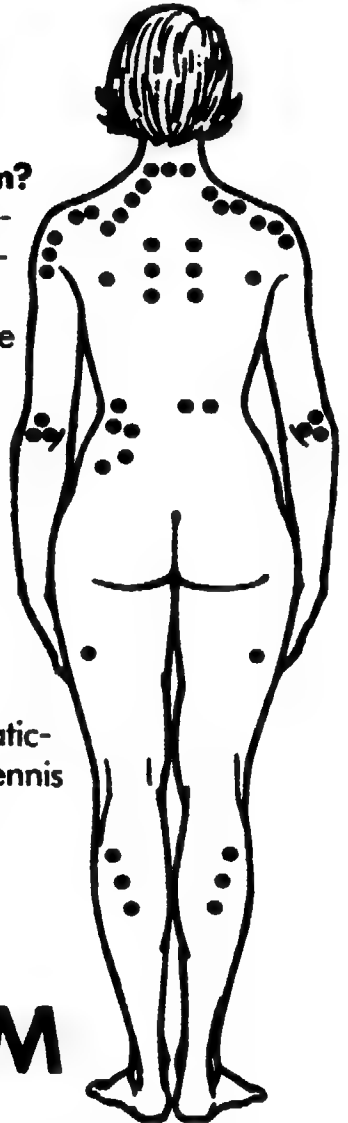
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SAXONE, LILLEY & SKINNER, DOLCIS, MANFIELD. Also Selfridge's, Lewis's and other department stores.

Colours depicted subject to variation in printing.

HOSPITAL OF THE ISLANDS

Continued

time, Sister. If, as I sincerely hope, you're right, it will be mainly due to yourself, Mr. Donald and your theatre staff."

A part-time staff nurse took over in Olaf, and I gave Sister the operation report in her office. "All went like a text-book, Sister," I ended.

"That's what comes of having a fine surgical team used to working together. Sister Frasier's got her team in prime training." She looked at the map of the Islands on the wall above the desk. "It was a good day for Thessa when she joined us. You don't become a theatre sister of her calibre without long training, skill and stamina. As we all know, not even a well-trained nurse can be turned into a first-class theatre sister overnight. And to my mind, Sister Frasier's job isn't easily combined with a domestic life. So many night calls, weekend calls—not every husband will fit in with those hours. Happily, Sister Frasier loves her job, but it can't make certain decisions easy for her, can it?" She stood up. "But I've a ward to run and you must get off. Your lunch is being kept hot. Afterwards, get some air. You look right peaky after standing round the theatre doing nothing. Nothing more wearying than having to stand by. Off with you!"

I TOOK her advice, because I wanted to think and walking usually helped me to do so. I did not bother getting out of my uniform dress and, after removing cap and apron, buttoned on a raincoat and tucked in a scarf. For reasons I did not wish to dwell on, I avoided the path by the

Continued overleaf

THE SATISFACTION OF GIVING

Canon R. C. Stephens suggests that through helping and giving to others our own lives become much fuller

WE LIVE IN an acquisitive age which brings us little of the expected contentment and happiness. This should not surprise us, as man is made in the image of God, and God is a "giver" not a "getter".

In creating the world He "gave" and has continued to do so ever since. He showers His goodness on all, "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust" (St. Matthew 5 : 45-46).

One of the best-known texts in the New Testament is "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" (St. John 3 : 16). So man, made in God's image, should fundamentally be a "giver"—the fact that he often appears as a "grabber" is because he has forgotten his birthright. He has debased the nature with which God had endowed him.

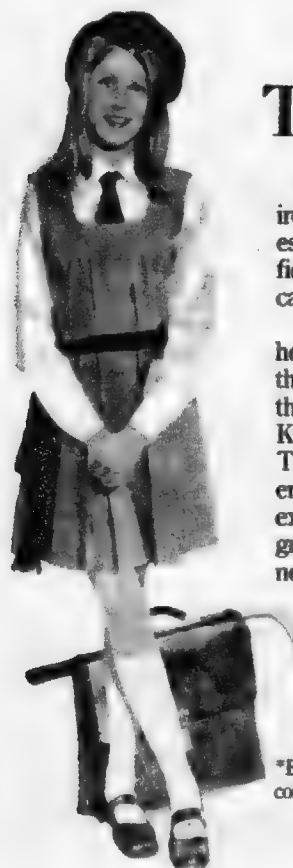
In the world of nature creatures and plants which take and contribute nothing in return, are called parasites. Henry Drummond once said, "Parasites are the paupers of the world", for in spite of all their getting, their lives remain poor. I wonder if you have heard of the plant called the dodder? It begins life with the best intentions, with roots. After



A view of Milverton Church in Warwickshire.

a time it fixes curious sucking discs on to the stem of a nearby plant, and does nothing but take and grasp ready-made food. It ends as a plant without roots, twigs or leaves and merely exists in a degraded form. When man forgets what God made him he becomes less than God intended.

I have discovered that the happiest people are those who have accepted giving as a principle of life. Day by day they give themselves to the service of others—calling on the sick, the lonely and the sad, shopping for those who cannot get out, writing letters for the blind or reading to them, and so one could go on, for the list is unending. Those who do such things prove the truth of "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom"; that is to say, life expands and grows with giving. "For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again", (St. Luke 6 : 38), and if the measure of our giving is small—so will our lives be.



The Iron Age.

Growing girls need plenty of iron in their diet. (Not only is it an essential nutrient, but a deficiency of iron is one of the causes of simple anaemia.)

Today there's an easy way to help make sure children get all the iron they need. By starting their breakfast with a plate of Kellogg's 30% Bran Flakes. They're delicious flakes of wheat, enriched with extra bran and extra iron—enough iron to give growing children as much as they need for a whole active day.*



*Each 1 oz serving contains 12mg iron.



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Protecting and nourishing your skin at night can pay beauty dividends in the morning; after all, time robs your skin of vital moisture 24 hours a day. So to conserve that moisture, and prevent the dryness that

causes aging lines and wrinkles, massage Ulay® Vitamin Night Cream into your skin with firm, upward strokes, starting at the base of the neck. Use a

fingertip of cream to erase, gently but firmly, the lines where wrinkles start: forehead, eyes, mouth to nose. Ulay® Vitamin Night Cream is a rich protective cream specially formulated to smooth and soften the dry, mature skin and leave it soft and supple, with a dewy, radiant glow.

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ULAY VITAMIN NIGHT CREAM

THE ROBIN FAMILY

Roley the Sailor

Roley felt sure that the *Alpha* was going to capsize



"HEAVE HO, my hearty!" cried Captain Rock-Pipit to Roley Robin, as they steered the Captain's little boat, the *Alpha*, towards the harbour at Sandhopper Bay. "Keep her steady as you go!"

But, it wasn't at all easy to steer the *Alpha* because the wind was blowing so hard. Then, a very large wave began to rock the Captain's little boat, so much that Roley felt sure it was going to turn right over—and what seemed very strange indeed, the wave was calling him. "Roley, Roley..."

"But waves don't talk," thought the little Robin. And then he woke up.

It had all been a dream. He was not in the *Alpha* after all, but in his own bed in Tree Stump House—and the wave was Rosemary shaking him gently, and calling, "Roley, wake up, it's time for breakfast."

"It really was a very exciting dream," the little Robin told his mother and father at breakfast-time. "And I suppose I dreamt it because I was writing about Sir Rupert Sea-Eagle—the boldest sailor who sailed the seas—for my homework last night."

HOSPITAL OF THE ISLANDS

Continued

seawall that had become my favourite walk, and took the road running downhill through the little town clustered round the harbour.

The air was colder than I had yet known it on Thessa. The water in the harbour was charcoal, the sea beyond gunmetal grey and choppy. I walked to the harbour's edge, and paused from time to time to look at the black and blue fishing boats tied up in an orderly row, all as empty as the fish baskets stacked neatly one inside the other on the open decks.

In the boats' sterns, the great blue metal winches used for hauling in the trawl were lined with gulls. More gulls flapped in greedy clouds to catch scraps being flung from a larger ship anchored a little way out. I recognised that this ship flew a Danish flag, and beside her was a Russian trawler with a scarlet hammer and sickle on a black funnel that caught the pale afternoon sunshine. The quay was thronged with foreign seamen mingling amicably with the many local fishermen all wearing the exquisitely patterned sweaters and woolly hats knitted by their womenfolk.

It was ideal walking weather. I followed an old, cobbled path running behind a line of very ancient houses actually built into the sea at one side of the harbour, then took one of the many little flights of steep grey steps to cross the main shopping street, and found my way back to the main road running out of the town on the side away from the hospital.

Within minutes, I was clear of the sturdy stone houses and walking uphill towards

the open green-brown countryside. My mind was as active as my feet. I thought of Magnus and Jenny Frasier; Mr. Norris and his beloved Bella; little Billy Drummond and the newsy and ill-spelt letters he sent me every Christmas and on my birthdays; and I thought of Doug. I discovered, sadly, that I could no longer picture his face with any degree of clarity, and yet I would never forget him.

I was walking to face the oncoming traffic, and didn't notice the estate car coming up behind me until the driver gave me a friendly toot and drew up ahead. Momentarily, I thought it the estate car in which Magnus had driven me to the hills. My heart speeded up so crazily that I was almost glad to be mistaken.

"Hi, Charlotte! Long time no see!" The driver jumped out. "Forgotten me, already? Rod Harding!"

I crossed over. "Hi, Rod! Sorry, I was miles away."

"That's a break! I was afraid we mightn't be on speaking terms." He looked at me more closely. "Or am I intruding? Shall I push off?"

I had forgotten how well we had always seemed to understand each other. "You're not intruding, Rod. It's time I got both feet back on the ground. How are you—and how's the oil business?"

He held open the car door. "Come and have tea with me and I'll not only tell you, I'll show you."

I could not see how to refuse without hurting his feelings, so I accepted. I remembered that—later.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Happy ever afters!



They are cooked the Heinz baby pressure cooker way so the taste and goodness are sealed in tight

Cream caramel,
Apple dessert with cream,
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baby desserts from Heinz.

These scrumptious new desserts are made with real fruits, naturally, and with real country cream – not too little, not too much – to taste deliciously natural, light and naturally delicious. What a way to grow!

And of course, like all the other Heinz Baby foods the new desserts contain no artificial preservatives, colourings or flavourings – just the good wholesome ingredients. Lovely.

Heinz – the natural taste babies love.





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The way you wake up in the morning can make an awful lot of difference to the kind of day you have. That's why Baby Ben wakes you gently. The way nature intended you to wake.

It has nothing to do with loudness or softness, because you can set Baby Ben to ring either way. It has to do with not being too shrill. Baby Ben's voice is nice and soothing, the kind of voice we all like to hear first thing in the morning. It has a nice tick, too. Which means practically no tick

at all. And it has a very pretty face, in a choice of four colours.

Last, but not least, it has a very gentle price, so it's as easy on your pocket as it is on your ear. From £4.47 luminous (illustrated), colours 14p extra with a two year guarantee. So there's nothing at all to lose sleep over, is there?



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THE SWALLOWS OF SAN FEDORA

Continued from page 20

curious, shuffling sea-sigh, like a shell held to the ear.

"Come closer." Leon put his arm round my shoulder. His face was close to mine. "Listen!"

I heard a mutter of familiar voices, like crossed lines on a rather bad telephone connection.

"I, Leon Ossini have found where the ear of Dionysius exists." He put both hands on my shoulder. "Am I not the clever one?"

I smiled. "You are."

Behind me, I heard the archaeologist's voice come out of the dark mouth with a didactic: "One of the first natural listening posts of history."

The Count laughed. "Do you not also find me attractive as well as clever, Emma?"

I raised my brows.

"Last night you said you liked me."

"So I do."

He took that as an invitation. One arm slid round my shoulders. One tilted up my chin. He planted a kiss on my lips, of surprising force and passion. I recoiled. I pushed my hands against his chest.

Then like the cry of the temptress herself, Ghislaine's voice rose out of the wall mouth. "Oh, Mark," that voice cried in tones of absolute sweetness and sincerity. "I'll always love you." The voice dropped to a mutter of endearments which I closed my ears to.

I stopped pushing the Count away. I went limp and pliant in his arms and I returned his kiss with warmth. That warmth burned off some of the cold misery inside myself, but the kiss lit no fires in me. I hated myself for it.

"Today," Leon held his cheek against mine, "you teach me a little more of love, yes?"

I said I didn't know much about it myself. I disengaged myself from his arms. I began to walk towards the steps. He held my wrist, swinging my arm backwards and forwards. "I think you could be, how you say, very loving."

I said nothing.

"Is there someone else you find more attractive than me?" Leon asked with amused disbelief.

"Not really."

"Yet, Emma, your kiss surprised me. It was as if you hated me. Or someone else."

"Someone else."

"Do I know that someone else?"

"Not really."

"Is he someone you think yourself in—" he paused to give the next word a derisive quality "—love with?"

"I did once."

"But not now?"

"No."

"Tell me about this rival of mine. Is he handsome?"

"Not very."

"Did you meet him here? In our island of superstition and sunshine?"

"I met him a long time ago. He gave me a lift, one morning in the rain."

"It sounds very British." The Count winced.

We had reached the head of the wide flight of steps from the quarry floor. He stood for a moment, arms folded, surveying our group meandering among the gardens. "But perhaps Arethusa will yet be kind again. You like me now a little."

Continued overleaf



When you notice your first laugh line?



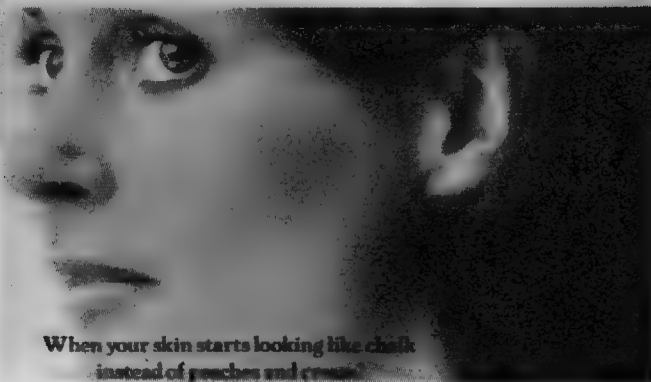
When your skin starts feeling tight after you've washed?



When your pores look enlarged?



When you start wearing make-up?



When your skin starts looking like chalk instead of peaches and cream?



When you reach 21?

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THE SWALLOWS OF SAN FEDORA

Continued

"More than a little," I said. I had spied Mark Creighton, aloof now even from the Countess, staring up at us, scowling against the sun. "Quite a lot."

"NOW I WILL tell you all a story." Leon Ossini sat himself comfortably on the wide, stone wall that surrounds the Fountain of Arethusa.

Wisely, our Syracusan outing had brought us to the Fountain in early evening, when the twentieth century environs were curtained in darkness, and the grotto regained its ancient magic and mystery under the indigo blue and starry Mediter-

anean night. The darkness cloaked the road and pavement, the little stalls selling decorated toy carts, and hand-painted parchments made from the papyrus that grew at the once-sacred water's edge. The huge modern port became a fairyland of swinging lights. Even the vendors of hot, almond pastries and stewed lumps of squid became no more than warm, orangy glows between the glistening of the fountain and the darker glistening of the sea, a stone's throw beyond.

Discreet ice-white arc lamps, carefully placed, glittered on the cascade of clear water that fed the pool. Aquamarine floodlights among the papyrus sent the reeds' spindly shadows over the glazed water where bream, the size of speckled trout,

hung motionless just below the surface.

"Come nearer." Count Ossini beckoned us, like children, around him. Like children, we obeyed. Leon was at his most beguiling. Delighting in showing off his beloved island's mysteries, his dark eyes gleamed. He smiled his most enchanting smile. Even this odd setting, this mixture of modern and magic and myth was his, and he revelled in it. And we hung eagerly on his words.

Only Mark Creighton stayed a little distance away, serious-faced. Suspicious, perhaps, of the Count's *volte face*. Suspicious that his good humour might break as fragilely as the bubbles in the cascade—that he'd be left with the Count's opposition to Ghislaine's marriage again. Or maybe Captain Creighton, severely practical and infinitely less volatile, was mindful that some danger to his bride might still lurk in this island.

From suspicions to superstitions. The Count was talking. "Easter, my friends, as in your cold country, is here the time of weddings. Before they took place, the affianced couple, the *fidanzati*, would come and ask the oracle Arethusa's blessing. Man and girl, each would take a reed, so." He leaned over and grasped a bunch of the rushes that edged the pool along with the papyrus. "Then twist each one to make a little raft, so . . ." His thin, clever fingers worked quickly. He held up his handiwork. "Then they would toss them into the fountain, where the fresh water comes tumbling in. If the little barges nudged each other, then—" he spread his hands—"the marriage would be good." He sighed. "If they drifted apart, then not so very good. And if—" he made a dolorous face—"they totally sank, then perhaps their parents had made, as you English say, one hell of a big mistake."

The Count watched our reaction good-humouredly. He laughed at our slightly superior British smiles.

"Further, let me say, especially to you, Signor Capitano Mark, that no master of his ship in the old days would leave on any voyage without first floating his reed on the pool and seeing if she sailed into smooth or rough water."

"We've got rather different aides now," Mark Creighton said with a smile.

"None better than Arethusa," the Count replied. He jumped down lightly from the wall. His audience smiled even more indulgently at him. "And I now tell you one story more. He who laughs last laughs best, as you British have it. It is an indisputable fact that your own Admiral Lord Nelson, no less, came here. He sailed his reed, and then took water for his fleet. And he wrote that he would have victory in the Battle of the Nile, as he did indeed, because the water would bring him good fortune."

"So put that in your British pipes and smoke it," Simon Strutt whispered.

"And who are we to argue with the Admiral?" Mark Creighton strolled over and stood beside me, smiling faintly. I could see that all this superstitious nonsense, even though it was primarily to please his beloved Ghislaine, was irritating to him. His blue eyes held a fixed, cold shadow. He put his hands in his trouser pockets, rocking himself backwards and forwards on his heels, looking, I must admit, slightly superior.

But our passengers' superior smiles had vanished. At the mention of such an illustrious precedent, all their repressed superstitious longings came to the surface, and

Continued overleaf



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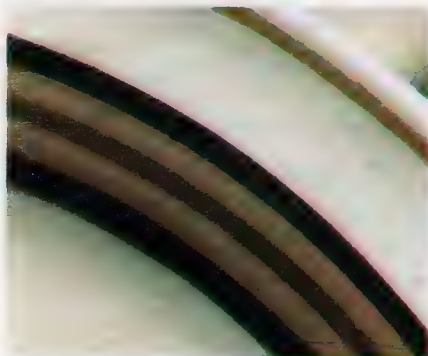
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THE SWALLOWS OF SAN FEDORA
Continued

they were eager to test their own fortune. Even the older ones, whose marriages had been cemented for thirty or forty years, and who were going on no more of a hazardous journey than our return flight to Grantwick Airport, were leaning over the wall at some risk and discomfort to secure the reeds.

I stretched over and grasped handfuls of the hollow stems. I distributed them to the passengers. I felt Mark Creighton's eyes on my face. Eagerly, the passengers disappeared to the other side of the pool. Ghislaine was standing on the wall near the cascade, holding up her reed barge, showing everyone how well she had made it.

Momentarily, Mark Creighton and I were alone. I didn't know what to say to him. I had the curious feeling that I could read his mind—the magic of the Fountain, I suppose—and yet what I read there was so manifestly one hundred and eighty degrees to the truth, that even there and then I had no difficulty in dismissing it as the illusion it was.

We both stared down at the tarnished surface of the pool, at the fish hanging still as water-shaped stones. The hidden lights flung the shadow of our two heads joined together in that strange mirror surface. I wondered if it was an omen and, if so, of what?

Then Mark Creighton said a strange thing. "I wonder if Lord Nelson was thinking of his Emma when he came here." Though I'm sure I imagined the emphasis on *his*, at least I didn't have to make a reply.

There was a shout from the rest of our party. Ghislaine was about to throw her reed barge in. "You're wanted," I said, with a sharpness that was directed at myself, not at him. I watched him straighten and walk away from me. Not at all the joyful bridegroom-to-be.

Then, as Ghislaine swung her arm to throw her reed, I saw, to my horror, Seat 25 jump up beside her. I tried to run across the few yards that separated us, but the rest of the passengers were crowding in between us.

"Ghislaine," I shrieked at the top of my voice.

She hardly turned. Helpless, I saw Seat 25 raise his hand. In front of us, he was going to hurl her into this depthless, swirling pool!

Seat 25's heavy hand described a delicate arc. A small, green object hurtled into the pool beside Ghislaine's own craft. Everyone was leaning over the wall, watching.

In the full floodlight, Ghislaine's barge nudged Seat 25's. Ghislaine danced with joy on the stone wall, like some little water nymph. In slowly dawning comprehension, I saw Ghislaine throw her arms first round Seat 25's piratical neck, then round her brother's. Then round Mark Creighton's.

"See, Arethusa has given her blessing. What did I tell you?"

"She means her brother's spies have confirmed that your Seat 25 is a very wealthy man indeed," Simon whispered.

"Mark," she said, releasing Captain Creighton, "I shall always remember it was you who interceded."

Then, misty-eyed, we unsentimental British watched the first kiss of the engagement. It was protracted and ardent.

"You understand now, dearest Emma, that there are worse things to a Sicilian

Continued overleaf

Roger and his evening meal.



Young Roger (P.C. Ninety-eight)
Worked hard and often came home late.
So Joan, his wife, kept making stew,
Not knowing just when he'd be due.



Roger, growing tired of this,
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THE SWALLOWS OF SAN FEDORA

Continued

lady than death," Leon's voice said at my shoulder.

"No," I said. "I think one would have to be very clever to understand the ways of the Ossinis."

Leon didn't take that as a reproach. Ossini-like, he took it as a most delicate compliment. I tried to catch Mark Creighton's eye, but he wasn't looking in my direction. With a cynical smile, he watched Seat 25 toss handfuls of rose petals into the pool, and the passengers, now that Ghislaine was safely launched, tried their luck with theirs.

I saw at least three middle-aged couples holding hands, watching their fates bob and twist in the current. I remember Mrs. Parker saying that if the Fountain of Arethusa did nothing else, it renewed and reminded people of the sweetness that they took for granted.

But the Fountain of Arethusa had not quite finished with us. It was the rose petals, those delicate white fragments floating on the surface, that caused the tiny upheaval. The beam broke the surface, nosed the petals. By the time they swam off, disappointed again, half the rafts had swamped and sunk. Even Seat 25's and Ghislaine's had disappeared. No one seemed to take too much notice at the omen. Or if they did, in true British style, they kept their lips tight and said nothing.

"THERE ARE, in the whole world,"

Ghislaine said with all the authority of the newly-engaged girl, "only two sorts of men. Those who understand some of the time. And those who understand none of the time. That is why my fiancé is unique. He understands all of the time."

The afternoon sun on the castle terrace glittered on the cheap swallow ring she was wearing on the third finger of her left hand. It was about ten sizes too big.

"I remember your fiancé wearing that on the trip over here," I said, and for some reason I sighed.

The holiday was nearly over. Only the Easter Procession remained, before our departure the following Tuesday.

"I gave this ring to him when I was thirteen. The smith in the village made it secretly for him. He said he would return when he had made his fortune, and claim me."

"Devotion!" Kim said. We were sitting by the pool making little paper streamers for the carnival. The day was for leisure. Most of the passengers were swimming or playing tennis.

"Think what agony he had to undergo. To leave me. Leave his country. Work by day and by night. Endure my brother's hatred. His threats—of death, even," Ghislaine said, warming to her subject.

"And did you never see him? For nearly seven years?"

"That was the time Job or someone worked for his beloved wife, was it not, Signorina Kim?"

"Jacob."

"And did you really not see each other for seven years?" I asked.

"Well . . ." She laughed. "When I was in London, yes, I saw him."

"After which your brother locked you in your room?"

Ghislaine smiled and nodded. "Also, twice I go to Switzerland to ski, and then he flies out to meet me there. No brother. No room to be locked in."

"You wouldn't get many Englishmen carrying a torch like that," Kim said with finality, and bit off a thread.

"Eric Dudley would," I said.

Kim ignored me. "How about our Captain Creighton? You've got a high opinion of him, haven't you?"

Ghislaine pondered her words, as if she intended to give us nothing but the absolute razor edge of truth. "Very, very high. As a man. But he wouldn't be, how you say, so . . ."

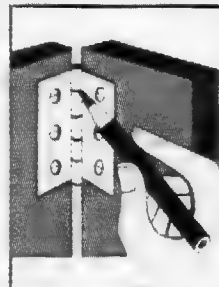
"Malleable?" Kim suggested.

The word was beyond the Countess's vocabulary.

"In other words, so easy to twist round your little finger," Kim said abrasively.

"In a word, yes," the Countess agreed, with one of her disconcerting lapses into complete honesty.

She stitched the little paper garlands for



HANDY HINT

To cure creaking hinges rub them with a soft lead pencil. The graphite in the pencil will lubricate the hinge.

a moment without raising those Moorish eyes, the very picture of innocence and compliance.

"Besides, I was *not* in love with him. If I had been," she said sweetly, "I would have accepted him."

"As what?" I asked sharply.

"My husband. What else?"

"He wouldn't make the grade, wealth-wise," Kim said practically.

"But my brother is in awe of the signor capitano. He respects him. *Believes* him! Mark would have got his way, and my brother would just have had to marry an heiress himself." She paused, and added significantly, "As it is, now my brother is free to choose where he will." A long sigh. "He will make a *saintly* husband—my dear brother."

"Did Captain Creighton really propose to you? We all thought he was going to. I did. So did Kim. The grapevine . . ."

Ghislaine interrupted me indignantly. "But of course he proposed to me. Begged me. On his knees. In the garden of Diana. The moon was full . . ." Half-way through her story she became disenchanted with it. "No, that is not quite true. Always your Captain Creighton, my Mark, has helped me. He is like a brother to me. But to him, I am what you call in England the fairy at the top of the Christmas tree. What Mark calls the Impossible Dream. Never in words would he say he loves me. But he does. I know. A girl can always tell. You know that?"

I said I did. For some reason, Kim agreed with me. We both looked sad—for different reasons.

I remembered Mark Creighton's face at the Fountain of Arethusa. That cold, fixed shadow in his blue eyes as he looked across at Ghislaine. 'Fairy at the top of the Christmas tree' and the 'Impossible Dream', were rather fanciful and an Ossini way of describing it. But right then, I couldn't think of a better way.

TO BE CONTINUED

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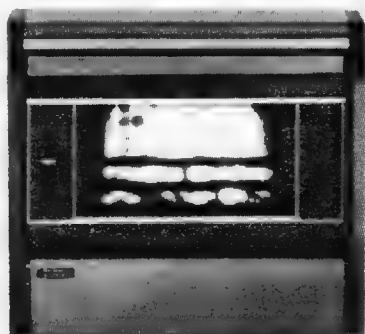
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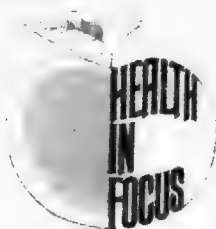
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AS EVERY mother knows, children are prone to cutting, scratching and grazing themselves, no matter how carefully they are watched over. Sometimes it can be worrying to decide not only how best to cope with the injury, but whether it should be seen by a doctor.

First, all minor cuts, scratches and grazes should immediately be thoroughly washed with soap, preferably under running water, and dabbed gently dry with a soft towel or clean tissues. (Cottonwool is not usually advised for this as it tends to stick to the wound.) Generally, all that is necessary is a clean, dry dressing, fixed on with either a gauze bandage or some medicated strapping. For dealing with several long, superficial scratches or grazes, some doctors recommend dabbing with Friars Balsam in place of any dressing, since this can promote healing and forms a film over the injuries. But if using Friars Balsam, do remember it does sting, and warn the child. When using this, or any other mild antiseptic, always be careful to keep the lotion well away from the eyes.

More serious cuts need the same thorough soap and water cleansing, but if the cut is deep, or has gaping edges, or if there is grit or anything embedded in the wound, a sterile dry dressing should be bandaged on and a doctor consulted. If—and this is very important—the cut causes profuse bleeding that will not stop, contact a doctor or the Emergency Services at once. Whilst waiting for the doctor or ambulance, try to control the bleeding with a firm pad and by lying the child flat and keeping the injured limb raised and supported high above head level.

For all major or minor injuries, try to find out exactly how and where they happened. For example: in the garden; road; play-street; playing with a pet; on a clean toy; a dirty, rusty implement, or whatever. Then tell the doctor all you know as it will help him or her to decide on the necessary treatment. This may include an anti-tetanus injection, antibiotic cover, or both, against possible infections. And in this event, if your child has suffered at any time from eczema or any allergic condition, please do remember to tell the doctor this when he is deciding on treatment.

If, with any of these injuries, after a day or so it is more, and not less, sore and there is some redness, throbbing or new swelling, do not hesitate to consult your doctor.

THE DAFFODILS TREE

Continued from page 12

Rufus made no comment, but his glance was approving and appreciative. She, too, was appreciative of his intuition. He chose her favourite wine without knowing it. They conversed about a new book they'd both read. Their opinions coincided, their tastes in music were similar. Katharine enjoyed the evening; she felt elevated, appreciated, warm.

They had coffee at the cottage and played some records. When it was time for Rufus to go, he quietly clasped her arm. "Tonight has been most enjoyable, my dear." It was the perfect goodnight.

He would be so good for Clarrie, thought Katharine. So right, so steady.

Tiger was on her bed when she woke next morning.

"Hungry, Tig?" she asked, stretching luxuriously.

She shrugged on Clarrie's housecoat and shuffled downstairs. She'd climb back into bed with a coffee. After all, it was Sunday, and there was still no word from Clarrie.

"Hi!"

Katharine gasped; Rob was sitting at the kitchen table, slicing onions.

"Sunday is picnic day, and since I'm particular about my picnics, I've started the preparations."

"How did you get in?" Katharine clutching her housecoat.

"Got a key."

Katharine blushed. Oh well, she should have thought of that.

"Would you make some coffee, Kate?" Rob pulled up a great string bag from the floor and emptied out an assortment of tomatoes, lettuce and rolls. There was a large bottle of red wine. "Coffee in a flask, too."

"Er, yes." Katharine nodded automatically. He hadn't even asked if she wanted to go on a picnic. She thought of the warm

Continued overleaf



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THE DAFFODILS TREE

Continued

cosy bed and Tiger snuggled up against her. She squinted through the window. It was windy outside. There were some rather greying tufts of cloud playing tag in the sky. A picnic in such weather?

In half an hour they were off, climbing up and up until Katharine began to feel that she'd soon take off. When the going got rough, Rob's hand took hers. Surprisingly, it was gentle, despite the many callouses caused by his work with wood. His clasp was firm and warm. Katharine felt good. It must be the fresh air.

"When," she puffed, "do we get there?"

Rob pointed to the top of the hill. Half-laughing, half-gasping, she was pulled to the top. She sank down gratefully.

"What a climb!"

"You look so healthy," Rob grinned and laid a warm hand on her tingling cheek. His eyes were sparkling and his wiry hair was wind blown. There were grass stains on his jeans where he'd stumbled when pulling her. It didn't matter, Katharine thought. It was that kind of day.

It didn't matter either that she dropped the butter knife on the grass and the rolls had speckled spread, or that the juice from the split tomato squirted on to the cheese.

"Picnic's ready," she called to Rob, who was watching a flock of birds. Unceremoniously, he pulled her to her feet again.

"That's the moor over in that direction." He swirled her round.

"And that road is the one you took from London."

Katharine looked down and saw the crossroads.

Again Rob's arm came round her shoulder and he pointed down the valley. "There's the village—look, you can just see the cottage. My place is that old barn down there." They stood for a few minutes, close together, looking down from their vantage point.

"There's a special quality about the air up here," said Katharine.

"It makes me feel at peace, and content, somehow." She felt almost shy. "And . . . this solitary tree."

THE MOUNTAIN ash was bravely holding its position atop the hill, despite the years of winds. The birds had stripped it of its berries and soon autumn would take the leaves.

"It's so lonely up here." Katharine laid a hand on the twisted trunk. "Lonely like . . ." Something came into her mind. "I expect it's above the clouds sometimes, and it must feel as if it's floating . . . *high o'er vale and hill* . . ."

She smiled at Rob. "Perhaps it's looking for its crowd . . . its host of golden . . . This!" she exclaimed. "This is the Daffodils Tree!"

"Did Clarrie tell you?" he asked quietly.

"Oh dear," thought Katharine. "Perhaps this is their secret, their tree." "Yes, she did," she said, almost apologetically. "She said to go to the Daffodils Tree. I thought it was a road direction."

Rob was looking at her.

"I'm not very imaginative," she said.

"Perhaps you haven't allowed yourself to be," he sat down and opened the wine. "Now is your chance to start," he said, grinning. "Imagine this wine to be from the finest châteaux in all the Loire."

Katharine swept back her hair and laughed. Perhaps it was catching. She wasn't at all the sedate, composed Katharine of last night. Today she was someone new.

The day sped past. Once they raced down the hill and Rob had to pull her up again. They argued about the road speed limit, whether yoghurt should have fruit or not, and whether to prune roses in spring or autumn.

A lonely cloud blew high above the tree when they decided to go home. Rob took her to the barn to see his furniture. He'd just acquired an old chest he was sure she'd love. She did.

"It's quite old. I'm restoring it first—locks and pin grooves, you know. I don't think I want to part with it." He stroked the surface.

Katharine looked at him.

"I have an instinct about some things. I just look and know it's just right; part of me; it belongs with me. I never go back on that. It's a forever thing."

They looked at each other. Katharine began to feel again as she had on the hill. Uneasy and carefree at the same time. Wanting to jump with joy, yet unsure of her feet.

"Thanks for the day, Rob. I'll walk home. It isn't far."

He nodded and turned again to the big oak chest. "Night," he said.

Continued overleaf



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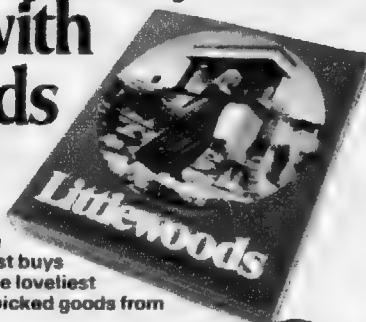
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THE DAFFODILS TREE

Continued

Katharine didn't sleep well that night. She had the cottage to herself for the next week. Scrappy postcards came from Clarrie. The show was going well, extended, she couldn't leave yet, and so on. Katharine didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. She wanted to talk with Clarrie, and yet she didn't. Rufus came in to keep an eye on the boiler now and then, and Rob inevitably brought home the straying Tiger. Katharine explored the countryside by taking long walks, but she didn't visit the Daffodils Tree again. On Friday, she decided to return to London. She was more unsettled than when she'd arrived—and it wasn't because of James any longer. But when she got back from her walk there was a note on the table. The scrawl was almost indecipherable.

"Gone to fetch Clarrie. I can't wait any longer. R."

Katharine crumpled the note in her hand. It was so typical of Rob. She'd have to stay now and welcome Clarrie home. Say how glad she was about her and Rob... Maybe, she thought ruefully, they could make up a foursome with Rufus. After all, it would be just like going out with James again. James, who had seen through the static quality of their relationship... who had seen that it would so soon become stagnant and repetitive. Katharine felt herself rocking backwards and forwards like an overbalanced scale. She didn't want to be the commonsense part any longer. She wanted to run up and down hills; to have grassy butter on rolls; to fight with someone over the colour of a pomegranate. She was, in fact, the most unbalanced person she'd ever known.

IT MUST have been very late when Clarrie and Rob came home, because Katharine didn't hear them. She awoke the following morning to a fabulously glamorous and glowing Clarrie sitting on the edge of the bed, offering her a delicious coffee.

"Loads of apologies, pet." She smiled at Katharine. "But I just had to get him to make up his mind."

"About you?" asked Katharine, sipping from the steaming mug.

"Mm. I'd tried all the commonsense things, like you would have done. You know, the right meals, the hostessy bit. I even kept the boiler going fairly well. But then, it was my going off that finally convinced him he needed me. Gosh, I'm so crazy about him."

Katharine smiled.

Clarrie rattled on. "We're two balances on the scale. Me the zany one, him the sensible one. We match better than a pair of gloves."

"Rob?" Katharine whispered.

"My cousin? No, dolt, it's Rufus and me!" exclaimed Clarrie. "I fell for him right from the beginning. He's so right for me..."

Unhearing, Katharine slowly slid her legs out from under the covers. Clarrie was going to marry Rufus.

"Hey!" Clarrie realised her friend was not listening. "Has Rob been bothering you? He's got a key so that he can let Tiger in and out, and sometimes he stores some of his furniture here. But I told him and Rufus to look after you!"

"Yes, they did." Katharine smiled. "I had a lovely dinner with Rufus and a picnic with Rob at the Daffodils Tree."

"The where?"

Katharine told her.

"Oh, I never could understand what he meant by that. It's one of his forever things that he talks about. He had a rough time before he came to live here, and he says he began to find his real self up there again." Clarrie shrugged. "He was here when I wrote to you, and he told me to put it at the bottom of the letter. It might be just the direction you needed, he said."

"I'm going for a walk before breakfast," Katharine said slowly. "Ye gods!" cried her friend. "This place has done you a lot of good."

When Katharine reached the Daffodils Tree she kept the view of the village to the last. Then slowly she let her gaze fall on the cottages. An early sunbeam was picking its way through the treetops and placing a gold bar here and there on a rooftop. The barn was one.

She touched the trunk of the tree. Their tree. Their forever tree. She was so glad she'd found it when she'd been with Rob.

Perhaps she wasn't as quick at knowing about some things. Perhaps she didn't know right away what was right and part of her, and belonged to her. But when she did know, it, too, was a forever thing.

THE END

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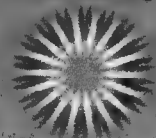


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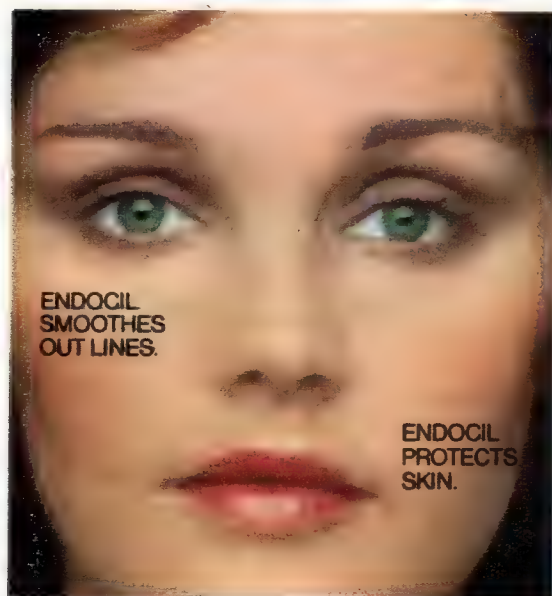
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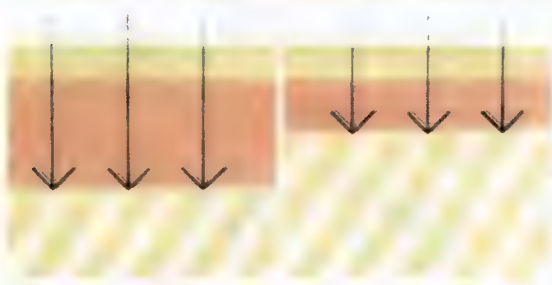
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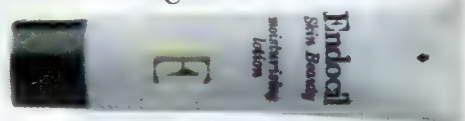
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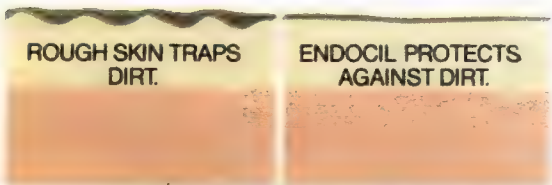


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BEAUTY CREAM

WEDDED TO PROVENCE

Continued from page 30

long in cooking—and are often not eaten until the second or third day after being prepared. This is the case, for example, with the beef wine stew called *Daube*, as also with *Pot au Feu*, *Boeuf Mironion* and *Veau aux Champignons*.

As, before marriage, I was both a vegetarian and a light eater, I was happy to use plenty of garlic and nutmeg but I found it quite a job at first to adapt myself to the heavier meals here. At midday there's a minimum of an *hors d'oeuvre*, main course and either vegetables or green salad (or both), followed by cheese and fruit or dessert (or both). For special occasions one serves an entrée and/or fish course as well.

In the evening, soup inevitably precedes a main course, followed again probably by cheese and/or fruit. When it comes to a festive season like Christmas, the traditional menus are even longer and more complicated—no less than thirteen desserts, for instance, on Christmas Eve.

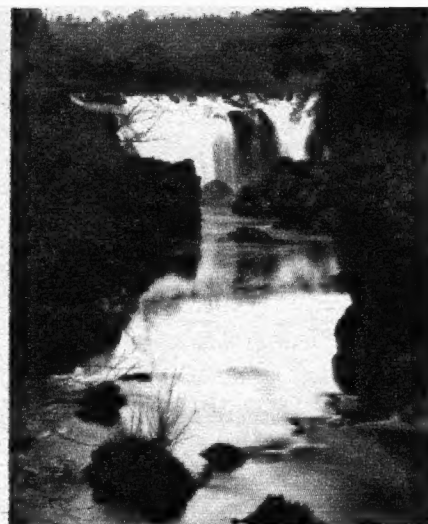
COOL TILING

Nor is housework quite the same as in Britain. For one thing (because of the usual heat) it is rare to see carpets in Provence. Tiled floors need frequent sweeping and

then washing once or twice a week. This is generally done by using a floorcloth over the head of a small broom. Instead of frequent washing, many people use wax polish about twice a year but this doesn't work out well if you have small children or animals at home. Incidentally, all our kind neighbours consider us quite crazy to have our dog and cat living in the house. Theirs all stay out in the courtyards.

Gardening, too, is approached differently. If somebody says "*Le Jardin*" here, he generally means a vegetable plot. Flower gardens are comparatively rare, although many flowers flourish in pots. Again, as with the lack of lawns, this is partly to do with the heat and the necessity for constant watering. Sprinkling with a hose is not much use in Provence. All vegetables are grown in raised rows between furrows which are flooded with water. For instance, instead of sowing peas at intervals throughout the summer, all seeds have to be in the ground before the end of April, otherwise the plants are not old enough to withstand the heat of late spring. On the other hand, further sowings can be made in autumn at about the time a British gardener packs up.

Things like this take time to get used to, and I'm still often surprised by the seasonal quirks. Plums and dahlias in June some-



All part of the fascination that is Provence—Vidauban.

how don't seem any more right to me than being expected to hang the bedclothes out of the window. But then the one as the other is all part of the background of being happily married to a Provençal.

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They're not. With time to spare, any cook worth her salt could equal them.

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So you can eat a meal at times where before you'd have had to put up with a snack.

Not only that, but each comes in a convenient portion form for one person. Or for one or two people in the case of Shepherd's Pie.

You can either eat them on their own. Or, if you wish, add vegetables.

And since they're sold in cook-in bags or a foil tray, you needn't so much as dirty a saucepan.

We don't only save you time with the cooking, but also with the washing-up.



MARY MARRYAT ADVISES

UNHAPPY LOVE-TRIANGLE

While I admire most of your answers to problems, I can't help wondering why you always seem to be against the married side of a love-triangle. I don't think you can really understand this problem unless you have had experience of it. I speak from personal experience, as I met a man three years after my marriage, and from the start we were attracted. Eventually we became lovers. Believe me, we try not to see each other, but after weeks apart the longing gets too much to bear. He is single and a friend of my husband's, which makes it worse. We love each other deeply, but neither of us wants to ruin the lives of my husband and children.

I would do anything to keep my husband from the knowledge of my infidelity. I know I will be the one who eventually gets hurt if my lover should ever meet anybody else. I am not asking you for advice, but perhaps I have found some comfort in writing to you. Thank you for reading this.

SIRLEY

I am glad that it was a comfort to put down your problems in a letter to me. I think your letter really explains in itself just why one would be likely to regret "love-triangles" (and I certainly don't regard the married party as the only one to blame). You are clearly not happy with the situation, since you have made attempts to bring it to an end before, and you are so anxious that your husband should never know of it. You realise the unhappiness it could bring to your husband and children and the dishonour it is already bringing to the man your husband regards as a friend. I know you are not asking for advice, but perhaps of your own accord you will soon look for the strength to stop seeing your lover and to concentrate on enriching your own marriage.

LEARN TO MAKE FRIENDS

I have just left school and am beginning to feel lonely. The people in my village are not my sort and I never really bothered with them because of my school friends. I tried joining the youth club, but this didn't work. My friends live far away and now they have started work and made their own friends. When I start work, I hope I shall make friends as good as my last, but I shall still have the evenings to fill up and these are the worst. Please advise me.

SIXTEEN

If you start looking, both in the village where you live and the place where you will be working, I'm sure you will find there is something which interests you, or which might turn out to interest you. Tennis, for instance, or cycling, rambling, singing, photography, drama or nature study. It might be in the form of a club or society, or it might be an evening class run by the local education authority. In either case it will bring you into the company of



If you need the advice of a sympathetic friend write to Mary Marryat, at 40 Long Acre, London, WC2E 9QB enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a confidential reply. Please remember that several weeks elapse before answers to letters can appear on this page

people who have the same kind of interests as yourself and it will fill up those lonely evenings pleasantly. The public library or Town Hall will be able to advise you about clubs and classes. Joining the Ranger Guides would be another idea, as you are just the right age for this.

Don't make up your mind that you have nothing in common with the people in the village. Part of reaching maturity is learning to get on with people who are different from yourself as well as with those who have the same kind of tastes and interests, and people who are very different can teach each other a good deal. Almost certainly you will find some benefit in taking the trouble to get to know your immediate neighbours better than you do at present.

WORDS THAT I WILL REMEMBER

The Editor shares favourite quotations from her scrapbook

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

DOUGLAS JERROLD,

Few persons have tact enough to perceive when to be silent.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS

Optimist: Someone who tells you to cheer up when things are going his way.

ANON

OVERCOME THIS SECRET FEAR

My friends envy my happy-go-lucky nature but I am really the most miserable person alive. I am illegitimate and this has ruined my whole life. I have turned down offers of marriage because I get sick with fear that it will be found out. Even now, and I am 45, I have the most wonderful man friend, but I always tell him that marriage kills a friendship. If we ever finished, though, I'd be finished. He finally agreed that we were happy as we were, then like a bolt from the blue he said, "I'm taking you to my family for a holiday, so get your passport."

Now I am terrified, because I think I need my birth certificate. I was so ashamed of my status that I changed my surname many years ago, so you realise the pickle I am in. It's no use saying illegitimacy is nothing to be ashamed of because to understand the feeling you'd have to be born like it. Must I produce a birth certificate for a passport?

JEAN

Yes, but the short form is sufficient, and this does not include details of parentage. If you have changed your name, you will also need evidence of the change. I don't think you will find that this presents any problems.

If your life has been shadowed, though, it is not so much through your illegitimacy, but through your attitude to it. It is perfectly true that it is nothing to be ashamed of: you yourself had nothing whatsoever to do with it. You are like a person dragging a great chain behind her, hampering her at every turn, which she could simply drop if she chose. Don't refuse your happiness any longer, my dear. If you can't get over the fear that the man you love will discover your very small and ordinary secret, then tell him yourself, and be rid of the self-imposed chain. When you find yourself walking freely, I am quite sure you will wonder why you let something so unimportant cripple you for so long and so unnecessarily.

GIVING UP WORK

I shall shortly be leaving my employment at the age of sixty, and should be glad of a little help in wording my letter of resignation.

MISS J.

You might like to word your letter of resignation along the following lines:-

"Dear Mr. Brown,

As I am now sixty I shall be retiring from my post in the Accounts Department and I hope that it will be convenient if I leave on —

I should like to say that I have been very happy during the twenty-two years I have worked at Smith and Brown, Ltd.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Jones."

TO MRS. M. B.

I think you are most probably exaggerating this small problem, but if you will write to me privately I shall be glad to help you.

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Style H.165 Diamond quilted top and flounced for a beautiful drape. In: DEEP ROSE, LILAC, TANGO, GOLD or BLUE.

Sizes	1st B'spread	2nd B'spread
2'6" & 3'	£2.49	£1.49
3'6"	£2.99	£1.99
4'6"	£3.99	£2.99

Day Pillowcases

Plain

H.314 Quilted top, Frilled all round. Colours match plain bedspread style H.165. Buy one for 80p have another for 50p

Prints

Style H.327 Diamond quilted printed top with colour co-ordinated plain flouncing. In: BLUE, TANGO, DEEP ROSE or GOLD.

Sizes	1st Bedspread	2nd Bedspread
2'6" & 3'	£3.50	£2.50
3'6"	£3.99	£2.99
4'6" & 4'8"	£4.50	£3.50
5'	£4.99	£3.99

Prints

H.328 Quilted top, Frilled all round. In prints to match printed bedspread style H.327. Buy one for 90p have another for 60p

Brentford Nylons 56 Super Stores

* PLEASE NOTE: Mail orders must be sent to address in How to order panel NOT to individual stores

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 - 2. CROYDON Crown Hill, Open 9a.m. - 5.30p.m. Mon.-Sat. Late night Fri 7p.m.
 - 3. TOTTENHAM Lawrence Rd, N.15. Open 9a.m. - 5.30p.m. Mon.-Sat. Friday 1p.m.
 - 4. EDMONTON 204/208 Upper Fore Street, Edmonton N18
 - 5. ROMFORD 22-26 High Street, Closed Thursday 1p.m.
 - 6. LEWISHAM 213 High Street, Closed Thursday 1p.m. Late night Friday 7p.m.
 - 7. WATFORD 125-127 High Street.
 - 8. LUDGATE CIRCUS 1-2 Seacell Lane, Ludgate Circus, E.C.4. Closed 1p.m. Sat.
 - 9. STRATFORD Watton Rd., off Stratford High St, London, E.15. Open 9a.m. - 5p.m. Mon.-Sat. Closed Fri. 1p.m.
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 - 16. BOURNEMOUTH 74 Commercial Road
 - 17. GLASGOW Sauchiehall Street
 - 18. LIVERPOOL (St. John's) St. John's Precinct
 - 19. BLACKPOOL Leopold Grove
 - 20. SOUTHAMPTON 103 East Street
 - 21. NEWCASTLE Swanley Road, Pelaw, near Gateshead
 - 22. LEEDS The Marston Centre Wade La.
 - 23. EDINBURGH 83 George St. Open all day Sat. Late night Thurs. 7p.m.
 - 24. PORTSMOUTH The Tricorn Centre
 - 25. LUTON 13-14 West Side Centre Dunstable Road.
 - 26. SHEFFIELD Charter Row
 - 27. WOLVERHAMPTON The Wulfrun Centre
 - 28. HOVE 42-44 Blatchington Road.
 - 29. HUDDERSFIELD 22 Kirkgate
 - 30. NOTTINGHAM Maid Marian Way
 - 31. STOCKPORT 15 Bishopton Ln.
 - 32. CARDIFF 17 Working Street
 - 33. LEICESTER Abbey Street
 - 34. YORK 12 George Hudson Street
 - 35. PLYMOUTH 10-12 Union St.
 - 36. COVENTRY 28 Cross Chepping, Closed Thursday 1p.m.
 - 37. HULL 87-89 Prospect Street
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 - 47. ST. HELENS (Lancs) Unit 2 & 3 Market Centre, Closed 1p.m. Thurs.
 - 48. TORQUAY 19 Market Street
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 - 50. HALIFAX Unit 1B, Westgate House, Market Street. Closed Thursday afternoon
 - 51. ROGBY 11-15 Bank Street
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